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God sent his Singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams
Playing ~~the~~ music of our dreams.

Henry W. Longfellow

# Folk Songs

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER, M. D.

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To

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## BENEDICTION.

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares!
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.
O might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!"

William Wordsworth.

# PREFACE.

READER: — I have brought you here, as one who loves you might bring you pansies and forget-me-nots, such flowers of lyric tenderness and beauty as have long been precious to my own heart, in the hope that their names and symbols may find a favored place in yours; and I have added, here and there, some pretty waif, newly found by the wayside.

To fit your nobler emotions, each with its appropriate inspiration or sympathy — courage for courage, brotherhood for brotherhood, resignation for resignation, love for love, whatever may make the fireside dearer for every dear association that dwells, in the form or the spirit, near it — has been my pleasant office; and I have culled the several flowers that stand for these with a true heart of kindliness.

> "Reverend Sirs,
> For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
> Seeming and savor, all the Winter long.
> Grace and remembrance be to you!"

> "Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
> The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
> And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
> Of middle Summer, and I think they are given
> To men of middle age."

And, my Fairest Friend, I think I have some flowers o' the Spring that may become your time of day: —

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
> That die unmarried, ere they can behold
> Bright Phœbus in his strength — a malady
> Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
> The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
> The flower-de-luce being one" —

with snowdrops of young purity and sinless death.

Take these, all of you, and lay them in your bosoms. You that have lost friend or fortune, love or a darling life, shall find your proper consolation here; and turn a kindly thought to him who, in gathering them, has hoped but to find his way to your hearts by favor of what you like the best, having never a care for the mere method of his gift — which must perforce win you, since it is altogether of pure love.

And as for those who, with pen or pencil, have helped to make my gift more charming, no thanks of yours or mine can half so well reward them as the sense of having joined to produce a thing of beauty and a joy forever, such as a writer in *Blackwood* hoped for, when, in an article on "Picture-books," he wrote as follows: —

"Whether it will ever be possible to make verses and pictures 'to match,' without sacrificing one of the united arts, is a question which we will not undertake to answer. It does not seem at all unreasonable, however, to suppose that we, who do a great deal for money, might now and then be capable of doing a little — our very best — for love; nor that, for

their own sakes, as well as for the sake of the non-producing world, literature and art might not sometimes make a volume — the *chef-d'œuvre*, in little, of everybody employed upon it — which should remain to our children after us, the true ideal of gift-books, and console the workers in it with the comfortable thought of one true and worthy present, worthily accompanied, to those unknown friends for whom we make all our books and paint all our pictures. However, no one has attempted the experiment; nobody has tried to get up the ideal gift-book — the love-token worthy of all the authors and all the givers, and of the very love itself of which it should be a sign."

J. W. P.

NEW YORK, August 12, 1860.

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## THE ARRANGEMENT.

---

"METHOUGHT that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand; and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it — O! to whom?"

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

# Folk-Songs.

THE SINGERS.

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,

That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred, with accents deep and loud,
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might;
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## PHILOMELA.

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!
O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain
That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain!
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy racked heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse,
With hot cheeks and seared eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change,
Once more; and once more make resound,

## MUSIC.

With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia!
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again — thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

---

## MUSIC.

O LULL me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## THE PIPER.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he, laughing, said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
  So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
  In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
  And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen;
  And I stained the water clear;
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

LONE upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
  Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
  Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecayed.
    When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
  Night after night—and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
  But the tones of the beloved ones were never heard again.
    When will he awaken?
  Asked the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has looked upon his sleeping;
  Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourned for him as dead;
By day the gathered clouds have had him in their keeping,
  And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
    When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring;
  Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fixed above.
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
  Own themselves vanquished by much-enduring Love?
    When will he awaken?
  Asks the midnight's weary queen.

## THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watched untiring,
  Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
  Softened by a woman's meek and loving sigh.
    When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
  And the Poet's world has entered in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
  When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
    When will he awaken?
  Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated!
  It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
  Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
    Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
  Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmus but is bringing
  Music that is murmured from Nature's inmost heart.
    Soon he will awaken
  To his and midnight's queen.

Lovely is the green earth—she knows the hour is holy;
  Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
  O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
    Soon he will awaken.

## THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Red as the red rose toward the morning turning,
  Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own;
While the dark eyes open—bright, intense, and burning
  With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
        Yes, he has awakened
  For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
  How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth;
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
  Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
        'Tis for such they waken.

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
  Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
  To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
        So doth the soul awaken,
  Like that youth to night's fair queen!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,
You may take the gear to the stead;
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,
Will never get beer and bread.
The seed's waste, I know, boys;
There's not a blade will grow, boys;

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys:
He's going blind, as I said;
My old eyes can't bear, boys,
To see him in the shed.
The cow's dry and spare, boys;
She's neither here nor there, boys:
I doubt she's badly bred.
Stop the mill to-morn, boys;
There'll be no more corn, boys,
Neither white nor red.
There's no sign of grass, boys;
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys;
The land's not what it was, boys;
And the beasts must be fed.
You may turn Peg away, boys;
You may pay off old Ned.
We've had a dull day, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys:
Let me turn my head;
She's standing there in the door, boys:
Your sister Winifred!
Take her away from me, boys,
Your sister Winifred!
(Move me round in my place, boys,
Let me turn my head;)
Take her away from me, boys,

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

As she lay on her death-bed:
The bones of her thin face, boys,
As she lay on her death-bed!
I don't know how it be, boys,
When all's done and said,
But I see her looking at me, boys,
Wherever I turn my head:
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,
Out of the garden-bed;
And the lily as pale as she, boys,
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head;
I've kept my precious sight, boys:
The Lord be hallowed.
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread;
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred;
The hedges down by the loan,
I can count them bone by bone;
The leaves are open and spread.
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head.
There's nothing but cinders and sand;
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold;
Over valley and wold,
Wherever I turn my head,

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

There's a mildew and a mould;
The sun's going out over head,
And I'm very old;
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?
You're all born and bred;
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,
Since wife and I were wed;
And she's gone before, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,
Upon his curly head;
She knew she'd never see't, boys,
And she stole off to bed;
I've been sitting up alone, boys,
For he'd come home, he said;
But it's time I was gone, boys,
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys;
Bring out the beer and bread;
Make haste and sup, boys,
For my eyes are heavy as lead;
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread;
I don't care to sup, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,
I've such a sleepy head;

## LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

I shall never more be stout, boys;
You may carry me to bed.
What are you about, boys?
The prayers are all said,
The fire's raked out, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head;
The night's dark and deep, boys,
Your mother's long in bed;
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;
You may shake my hand instead.
All things go amiss, boys;
You may lay me where she is, boys,
And I'll rest my old head.
'Tis a poor world, this, boys;
And Tommy's dead.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

---

## LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

MY love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lilye flour;
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see
Than my true love he built for me.

## LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

There came a man, by middle day;
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair?
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot:
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

O, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none:
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone:
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach.
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

## WINIFREDA.

You bumpkins, who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.
*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
*He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!*

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
*Bear soft his bones over the stones!*
*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!*

THOMAS NOEL.

---

## WINIFREDA.

AWAY! let naught to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

## WINIFREDA.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
  Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
  How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
  No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
  And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
  Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
  And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
  We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
  And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
  While round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
  To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy, Time, transported,
  Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
  And I'll go wooing in my boys.

ANONYMOUS.

## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To the haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

## THE PASSAGE.

Then, in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee:
Take—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

## THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet,
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,

## THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine,
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower.
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.— Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one, that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd.— The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

## ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered—"The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.

## MONTROSE TO HIS MISTRESS.

My dear and only love, I pray
  That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
  But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
  Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
  And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
  And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
  A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
  Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
  To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
  And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
  And all to stand in awe;
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
  Thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
  I'll never love thee more.

## TOO LATE I STAYED.

And in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
  Or dare to share with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
  Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
  And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
  Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAME, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

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## TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
  Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
  That only treads on flowers!

And who, with clear account, remarks
  The ebbings of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
  That dazzle as they pass?

## SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

Ah! who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
  Their plumage to his wings?

ROBERT WILLIAM SPENCER.

---

## SHE IS A MAID OF ARTLESS GRACE.

SHE is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
  That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star,
  Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
  Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field,
  Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
  Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge,
  Be half so fair as she!

GIL VICENTE. (Portuguese.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## SPRING AND WINTER.

I.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
  And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
  Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
  And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
  And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
        Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who!
Tu-whit, to-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
To-who!
Tu-whit, to-who! — a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

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## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE student-comrades crossed over the Rhine;
Together they stopped at a landlady's sign.

"Landlady, have you good beer and wine?
And where is that pretty young daughter of thine?'

"My ale and wine are fresh and clear;
My daughter lies on her funeral bier."

And when they passed to the chamber back,
There she lay, in her coffin black!

The first from her face the shroud-veil took,
And gazed upon her—a mournful look.

"Ah! wert thou but living, thou lovely maid,
I would love thee from this time," he said.

The second covered the altered face,
And turned him, weeping, from the place:

"That thou should'st lie on the funeral bier,
Whom I have loved this many a year!"

## FAREWELL TO NANCY.

But the last still snatched away the veil,
And kissed her on the mouth so pale:

"I loved thee ever—still I love thee,
Thee will I love through eternity!"

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND. (German.)

Translation of C. G. LELAND and J. W. PALMER.

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## FAREWELL TO NANCY.

AE fond kiss—and then we sever!
Ae fareweel—alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

## THE MARINER'S WIFE.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss—and then we sever!
Ae fareweel—alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee;
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

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## THE MARINER'S WIFE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
  And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
  Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
    *For there's nae luck about the house,*
      *There's nae luck ava;*
    *There's little pleasure in the house*
      *When our gudeman's awa'.*

Is this a time to think o' wark,
  When Colin's at the door?
Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
  And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
  Put on the muckle pot,

## THE MARINER'S WIFE.

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
  And Jock his Sunday coat;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
  Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
  He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens into the crib,
  Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare.

And spread the table neat and clean,
  Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,
  For he's been lang awa'.

O gie me down my bigonet,
  My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the baillie's wife,
  That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
  My hose o' pearl blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
  For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
  His breath like caller air!

## THE MARINER'S WIFE.

His very foot has music in't,
  When he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought:
  In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind
  That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe:
  Till death we'll never part.

But what puts parting in my head?
  It may be far awa':
The present moment is our ain;
  The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content:
  I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
  I'm blest aboon the lave.

And will I see his face again?
  And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought:
  In troth I'm like to greet.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

## JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
  Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
  Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
  Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add,
                Jenny kissed me!

LEIGH HUNT.

## LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there—my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

## LOVE.

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story:
An old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
    In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
    This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage, worse than death,
    The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
    The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
    A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
    Disturbed her soul with pity.

## LOVE.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve:
The music and the doleful tale,
    The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
    Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
    I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept;
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
    She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms;
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
    And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
    The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thou'st be silent, I'se be glad;
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire;
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile!
And when thou wakest sweitly smile;
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I canna chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline:
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new;
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For women's banning's wonderous sair.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father's gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live;
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:

## LITTLE AND GREAT.

My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forget man's cruelty.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
I wish all maids be warned by mee,
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!*
*It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

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## LITTLE AND GREAT.

A TRAVELLER, through a dusty road,
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore.

## LITTLE AND GREAT.

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink:
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
  'Twas old—and yet 'twas new:
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
  A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied, from the heart.

## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
  A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

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## HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?

  How stands the glass around?
For shame! ye take no care, my boys;
  How stands the glass around?
  Let mirth and wine abound.
  The trumpets sound;
The colors they are flying, boys.
  To fight, kill, or wound,
  May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
  On the cold ground.

  Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
  Why, soldiers, why?
  Whose business 'tis to die!
  What! sighing? fie!

## SONG.

Don't fear! drink on, be jolly, boys!
  'Tis he, you, or I!
  Cold, hot, wet or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
  And scorn to fly.

  'Tis but in vain
(I mean not to upbraid you, boys,)
  'Tis but in vain
  For soldiers to complain;
  Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
  We're free from pain;
  But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
  Cure all again.

ANONYMOUS.

---

## SONG.

DAY, in melting purple dying!
Blossoms, all around me sighing!
Fragrance, from the lilies straying!
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing!
        Ye but waken my distress;
        I am sick of loneliness.

## SONG.

Thou to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken!
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent;
Let me think it innocent.

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling:
Gifts and gold are naught to me;
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation;
Yet but torture, if comprest
In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah, come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee.
Once, in caution, I could fly thee;
Now I nothing could deny thee.
In a look if death there be,
Come—and I will gaze on thee!

MARIA BROOKS.

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

## THE LAST LEAF.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
    Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
    Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
    So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
    "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
    In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
    On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,
(Poor old lady! she is dead
    Long ago,)
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
    In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
    Like a staff;

## TO ALTHEA—FROM PRISON.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] WENDELL HOLMES.

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## [illegible] PRISON.

[illegible]

## TO ALTHEA — FROM PRISON.

The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnet, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

## TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
  The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
  For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty;
  His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below, he did his duty;
  But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
  His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
  His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
  Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
  For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
  When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
  The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
  In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For, though his body's under hatches,
  His soul is gone aloft.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

I.

O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
  Alone, and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
  And no birds sing.

II.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
  So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
  And the harvest 's done.

III.

I see a lily on thy brow,
  With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
  Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the mead,
  Full beautiful, a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
  And her eyes were wild.

V.

I made a garland for her head,
  And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She looked at me as she did love,
  And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
  And nothing else saw all day long;
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
  A fairy song.

VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
  And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
  "I love thee true."

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
  And there she wept, and sighed full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
  With kisses four.

IX.

And there she lulled me asleep;
  And there I dreamed—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
  On the cold hill's side.

## BABY'S SHOES.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
  Pale warriors—death-pale were they all;
They cried, "La Belle Dame sans Merci
  Hath thee in thrall!"

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
  With horrid warning gaped wide;
And I awoke and found me here,
  On the cold hill's side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
  Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
  And no birds sing.

JOHN KEATS.

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## BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes,
Those shoes that no little feet use!
    O the price were high
    That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

## BABY'S SHOES.

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
    That, by God's good will,
    Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
    With a tearful pleasure,
    That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
    And blue eyes she sees
    Look up from her knees,
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
    A little sweet face
    That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O, wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
    Than those tiny blue shoes
    That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses,
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it!
Picture it — think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

## THE HOLLY TREE.

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Burning insanity
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD.

---

## THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

## THE HOLLY TREE.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home, amid my friends, I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,

## MY CHILD.

The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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## MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

## MY CHILD.

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,

## MY CHILD

Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
FATHER, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT

## IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,
  There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
  And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
  Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
  And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
  And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
  But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
  That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win;
This is the way that boys begin:
  Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;
  Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes:
  Wait till you come to forty year.

## THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;
  Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
  Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round! I bid ye declare,
  All good fellows whose beards are gray:
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
  Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
  The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
  Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier:
  How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married! but I sit here,
Alone and merry at forty year,
  Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

We sat within the farm-house old,
  Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
  An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
  The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The light-house, the dismantled fort,
  The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
  Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
  Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
  Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
  And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
  When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
  And never can be one again;

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
  That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
  Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
  Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
  A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
  As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
  The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,
  We thought of wrecks upon the main;
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
  And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
  The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
  All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
  Of fancies floating through the brain:
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
  That send no answers back again.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea
The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But, O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

---

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking on the days that are no more.

A Tennyson

## ASK ME NO MORE.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin:
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## ASK ME NO MORE.

ASK me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But, O too fond! when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
Let the great river take me to the main.
No more, dear love—for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
  Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.

Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.
  Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.
  I would that, in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

## VULCAN, CONTRIVE ME SUCH A CUP.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
  As Nestor used of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
  Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack,
  Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts in the delicious lake,
  Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek:
  With war I've naught to do;
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
  Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
  Fixed stars or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
  Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
  Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
  The type of future joys.

## JOHN ANDERSON.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are:
  May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
  And then to love again.

ANACREON. (Greek.)

Translation of the EARL OF ROCHESTER.

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## JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo John,
  When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
  Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John,
  We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

ROBERT BURNS.

## JEANIE MORRISON.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,
  Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
  The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
  May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
  Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
  And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
  And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
  The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule,
  Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
  To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
  Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
  When sittin' on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
  Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
  My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
  We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
  (The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,
  The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
  My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
  O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
  O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
  Like simmer blossoms sprang!

## JEANIE MORRISON.

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

## JEANIE MORRISON.

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
  The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
  The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
  The burn sang to the trees,
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
  Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
  For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled — unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
  As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
  Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

## HESTER.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
  The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

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## HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
  With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
  And her, together.

## HESTER.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit;

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: — if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind;
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore!
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day:
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

CHARLES LAMB.

## THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies,
  My love a minster wrought;
And, in the chantry, service there
  Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
  That light and odor gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
  Enlumined her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved: "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb,
  Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness,
  The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
  Were livelily portrayed,
When gracious God with both His hands
  Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

## A DEATH-BED.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
  When I the life recall
Of her, who lived so free from taint,
  So virtuous deemed by all,
That in herself was so complete,
  I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck His paradise,
  And with his saints to reign;
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries:
  All soon or late in death shall sleep;
  Nor living wight long time may keep
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS. (French.)

Translation of Rev. HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

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## A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day;
  Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
  In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
  Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
  And walked in Paradise!

JAMES ALDRICH.

## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know,
  By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than to love, and be loved by, me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
  I and my Annabel Lee:
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
  My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
  In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know),
  In this kingdom by the sea,

THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we,
  Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the dêmons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
  In her sepulchre there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

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THE LITTLE BROWN MAN.

A LITTLE man we've here,
  All in a suit of brown,
    Upon town;
He's as brisk as bottled beer,
  And, without a shilling rent,
    Lives content:

"For d'ye see," says he, "my plan,
D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!"
*Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Brown Man!*

When every mad grisette
He has toasted, till his score
Holds no more,
Then, head and ears in debt,
When the duns and bums abound
All around,
"D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!"
*Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Brown Man!*

When the rain comes through his attic,
And he lies all day abed,
Without bread;
When the winter winds rheumatic
Make him blow his nails, for dire
Want of fire,
"D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!"
*Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Brown Man!*

His wife, a dashing figure,
Makes shift to pay her clothes
By her beaux;
The gallanter they rig her,

The more the people sneer
At her dear:
"Then d'ye see," says he, "my plan,
D'ye see," says he, "my plan,
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!"
*Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Brown Man!*

When at last laid fairly level,
And the priest (he getting worse)
'Gan discourse
Of Death and of the Devil,

## THE BUCKET.

Our little sinner sighed,
And replied:
" Please your reverence, my plan,
Please your reverence, my plan,
My plan, d'ye see, 's to—laugh at that!"
*Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Brown Man!*

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER. (French.)

Translation of WILLIAM MAGINN.

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## THE BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell!

## TO CELIA.

Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

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## TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
  I would not change for thine.

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
  It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS. (Greek.)

Translation of BEN JONSON.

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## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
  In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
  To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
  Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
  Sank chill on my brow:
It felt like the warning
  Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
  And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
  And share in its shame.

## TOO LATE.

They name thee before me,
  A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me:
  Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
  Who knew thee too well.
Long, long shall I rue thee,
  Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met;
  In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
  Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
  After long years,
How should I greet thee?
  In silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

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## TOO LATE.

"Douglas, Douglas, tendir and treu."
*Old Ballad.*

COULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
  In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas:
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

## CHANGES.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye:
  I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

O! to call back the days that are not!
  My eyes were blinded, your words were few.
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
  Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows;
  I love YOU, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
  Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas:
  Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

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## CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

## CHANGES.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.
And yet, I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago:

Who might have been . . . ah what, I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest!

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are—too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

## LOSS AND GAIN.

When the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, secret dread,
"Death, be merciful, and pass:
Leave the other!" but, alas!

While we watched he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence to go;"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss
From the little rose-red lips;
And the print of finger-tips,

Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty, winsome ways.

## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Only Time can give relief
To the weary, lonesome grief;
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

NORA PERRY.

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## THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

## SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For, in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet, dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Thomas Carew.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into view Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other! we kept the great pace,
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit;
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;

At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime:
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black, every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff:
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop!" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

## NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan,
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good:
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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## YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee!
Both were mine; Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young.

When I was young! Ah, woful *When!*
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide.
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like.
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

## YOUTH AND AGE.

Ere I was old! Ah, woful *Ere!*
Which tells me Youth's no longer here.
O Youth! For years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.
Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve.
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow:
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part;
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

## TO MARY.

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

WILLIAM COWPER.

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear;
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck, so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
O no! sad and slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It wears sae slowly round.

My sheep-bell tinkles from the west,
My lambs are bleating near;
But still the sound that I lo'e best
Alack! I canna hear.
O no! sad and slow!
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill with clacking din;
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
O no! sad and slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sae drearilie.

## THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam
    A snood o' bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trysting cam,
    To tie it round her brow.
    O no! sad and slow!
    The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
    Is tethered on the grass.

O now I see her on the way!
    She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbing up the brownie's brae:
    My heart is in a lowe!
    O no! 'tis not so!
    'Tis glaumrie I hae seen;
The shadow of the hawthorn bush
    Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
    Though conned wi' little skill;
When Colley barks I'll raise my head,
    And find her on the hill.
    O no! sad and slow!
    The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trysting bush
    Is fixed like ony stane.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

## THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not what it presages,
  This heart with sadness fraught:
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
  That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles;
  The Rhine flows calmly on;
The mountain summit sparkles
  In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
  A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden raiment shining,
  And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;
  And combing, low singeth she
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
  A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
  The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the cliffs before him,
  He only looks on high.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging
Their arms, draw him slowly down;
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,
The Lorelei has done.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

MY coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do, — but only more.

## WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
  He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
  And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me to the supper go,
  A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
  Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
  'Neath its white-gloved and jewelled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
  Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
  Of hunting still the same old coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
  In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
  As the bright smiles he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
  As our poor gabble — watery, thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
  By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,
  The galley-slave of dreary forms.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

O, could he have my share of din,
  And I his quiet! — past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored within,
  And just another bored without.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
  Drinking the blude-red wine:
"O where will I get a skeely skipper,
  To sail this new ship of mine?"

## SIR PATRICK SPENS.

O up and spake an eldern knight,
  Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
  And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
  To Noroway o'er the faem!
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
  Sae loud, loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
  And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
  To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
  Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
  'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
  Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
  Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
  In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
  Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
  And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
  Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I hae brought as much white monie
  As gane my men and me;
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
  Out owre the sea wi' me.

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
  Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake! my master dear;
  I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
  I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
  A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak and the topmasts lap,
  It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
  Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailor
  To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
  To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
  To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast;
  But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
  A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
  And the saut sea it cam in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
  And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
  Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude ship's side;
  But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
  To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
  They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
  That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
  That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
  The maidens tore their hair:
A' for the sake of their true loves,
  For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
  Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
  Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves;
  For them they'll see na mair.

## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

O forty miles off Aberdour
  'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

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## AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air:
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

When spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
  Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
  And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
  His hanging nest o'erhead;
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
  Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
  And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
  Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
  The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
  Unarmed and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
  The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
  To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
  They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
  Unmoistened by a tear.

## LOVE.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
  Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
  For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
  His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
  Far down that narrow glen.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## LOVE.

HE stood beside a cottage lone,
  And listened to a lute,
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,
  And the nightingale was mute.
The moon was watching on the hill;
The stream was staid, and the maples still,
  To hear a lover's suit,
That, half a vow, and half a prayer,
Spoke less of hope than of despair,
And rose into the calm, soft air,
  As sweet and low,
  As he had heard—O, woe! O, woe!
  The flutes of angels, long ago!

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings,

## LOVE.

By dreams that make night-shadows bright,
And truths that turn our day to night,
By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,
By pleasure's day, and sorrow's year,
By all the strains that fancy sings,
And pangs that time so surely brings,
For joy or grief, for hope or fear,
For all hereafter as for here,
In peace or strife, in storm or shine,
My soul is wedded unto thine!"

And for its soft and sole reply,
A murmur, and a sweet, low sigh,
  But not a spoken word;
And yet they made the waters start
  Into his eyes who heard,
For they told of a most loving heart,
  In a voice like that of a bird;
Of a heart that loved though it loved in vain,
A grieving, and yet not a pain:

A love that took an early root
  And had an early doom,
Like trees that never grow to fruit,
  And early shed their bloom;
Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,
  All lost for evermore,
Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
  But never came to shore!

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

## ANGELS BY THE DOOR.

O! THERE be angels evermwore,
A-passèn onward by the door,
A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come
To bring us zome—O Meärianne.
Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,
Noo bolted door can keep em out;
But they wull leäve us everything
They have to bring—My Meärianne.

An' zoo the daes a-stealèn by,
Wi' zuns a-ridèn droo the sky,
Do bring us things to leäve us sad,
Or meäke us glad—O Meärianne.
The dae that's mild, the dae that's stern,
Do teäke, in stillness, each his turn;
An' evils at their wo'st mid mend,
Or even end—My Meärianne.

But still, if we can only beäre,
Wi' faïth an' love, our païn an' ceäre,
We shan't vind missèn jaÿ a-lost,
Though we be crost—O Meärianne;
But all a-car'd to heaven, an' stowed,
Where we can't weäste em on the road,

## COME BACK!

As we do wander to an' fro,
Down here below—My Meärianne.

But there be jaÿs I'd soonest choose
To keep, vrom they that I must lose:
Thy worksome hands to help my twile,
Thy cheerful smile—O Meärianne;
The Zunday bells o' yander tower,
The moonlight sheädes o' my own bower,
An' rest avore our vier-zide,
At evenèn-tide—My Meärianne.

WILLIAM BARNES.

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## COME BACK!

COME from your long, long roving,
  On the sea so wild and rough!
Come to me tender and loving,
  And I shall be blessed enough!

Where your sails have been unfurling,
  What winds have blown on your brow,
I know not, and ask not, my darling,
  So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful, and lonely,
  Poor and despised though you be,
All are as nothing, if only
  You turn from the tempter to me.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

Of men though you be unforgiven,
  Though priest be unable to shrive,
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,
  If only you'll come back alive.

ANONYMOUS.

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## EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
  Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
  And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
  Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
  In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
  Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like Summer's beam, and Summer's stream,
  Float on in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRAINARD.

## SONG TO MAY.

MAY! queen of blossoms,
    And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
    Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed,
    In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
    Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
    Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
    With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
    Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
    In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night:
Up at the gates of light,
    See, the lark quivers!

## THE RHODORA.

When with the jacinth
    Coy fountains are tressed,
And for the mournful bird
    Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine,
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
    May, be thou blessed!

LORD THURLOW.

## THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
  Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
  Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
  But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE NIGHT PIECE.

HER eyes the glow-worme lend thee,
The shooting-starres attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispe mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worme bite thee;
But on thy way,
Not making stay,
Since ghost there's none t' affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soule I'll pour into thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree.
Spring and Winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

## HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
O, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gayly woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all a-glow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders;
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose;

## THE LIVING LOST.

Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views:
Twenty seasons;
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

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## THE LIVING LOST.

MATRON, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last!
Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale!
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
Of which the sufferers never speak,

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Madison, the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have past,
And now the mould lies fresh above
The dearest and the last.
Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale,—
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper-bitterer grief than yours.

Wm Cullen Bryant.

## THE LIVING LOST.

Nor to the world's cold pity show
  The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead:
  Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve;
And reverenced are the tears ye shed,
  And honored ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
  That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
  The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
  When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary;
  The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath, warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listening for the words
  You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary:
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
  With your baby on your breast.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends;
But O, they love the better still
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
  My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
  And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
  Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
  When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there
  And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word
  When your heart was sad and sore:
O, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
  Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
  My Mary, kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
  In the land I'm going to.

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

They say there's bread and work for all,
  And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
  Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
  I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
  To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
  Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
  When first you were my bride.

MRS. BLACKWOOD, (Lady Dufferin.)

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## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

IT was the calm and silent night!
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars:
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

## A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
  The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
  From lordly revel rolling home.
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
  His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
  A paltry province far away,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
  Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
  Fallen through a half shut stable door
Across his path. He passed; for naught
  Told what was going on within.
How keen the stars! his only thought:
  The air, how calm, and cold, and thin!
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago.

O strange indifference!—low and high
  Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
  The world was listening—unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
  One that shall thrill the world forever!

To that still moment, none would heed,
  Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
  A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
  The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
  To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
  The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
    In the solemn midnight,
      Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

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## THE POET'S CHRISTMAS.

COLD Christmas eve! the muffled waits
  Are chiming in the frozen street;
Round pauper courts and princely gates
  The music lingers sweet.
In many a happy curtained brain
  Dreams of to-morrow weave their spells,
Till daylight, laughing at each pane,
  Comes with a burst of bells.

## THE POET'S CHRISTMAS.

Blithe Christmas morn! such lusty cheer,
  Such kindly greeting, friendly talk,
Might make the roses of the year
  Flush Winter's frozen stalk,
And fill the heart with throbs of Spring,
  And stir the soul with golden dreams;
For seraphs in the holly sing,
  Joy in the yule-fire gleams.

Yet silence sits within my room,
  And coldness lies upon my hearth,
Though 'tis an hour when ice of gloom
  Should feel the thaws of mirth.
They say a spirit walks abroad
  To touch the stern and Horeb-heart,
Until beneath the sacred rod
  The springs of pity start.

They say the season bears a charm
  To melt the icicle of ill,
To make the snowy bosom warm,
  And blunt the wintry chill.
The world is merry with its wine,
  Its smoking meats, its smiling friends;
It has its pleasures—I have mine;
  So Heaven shall make amends:

The uplifting of a mouldered pall,
  The embers of a cold desire,
The phantom shadows on my wall,
  The faces in the fire:

These, with old hopes once nursed in vain,
  Old joys, old tears, old feelings fled,
And that long, long remembered train,
  The army of the dead!

*My* Christmas guests. With these I sit
  Through every shout, through every chime,
A weary bird, condemned to flit
  Round darkening shores of Time.
But constant cares and sorrows grow
  Familiar as a face we love;
And there are luxuries of woe
  Jove's banquet could not move.

And if, at Fancy's wild command,
  Some form should mould itself from shade,
Or through the gloom I felt a hand
  Upon my shoulder laid,
Scarce would I start — so long I've known
  That loneliness of life which gives
The soul a phantom world its own,
  Wherein it silent lives.

But let the world have joy without,
  The poet shall have joy within.
Then wreathe old Christmas' face about,
  Down to his glowing chin;
No pleasure spare, no pastime shun,
  Each roof with social clouds be curled:
'Tis well; for once beneath the sun
  There rolls a happy world!

JAMES MACFARLANE.

## THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a hunting,
  For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
  And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
  Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
  Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
  Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
  All night awake.

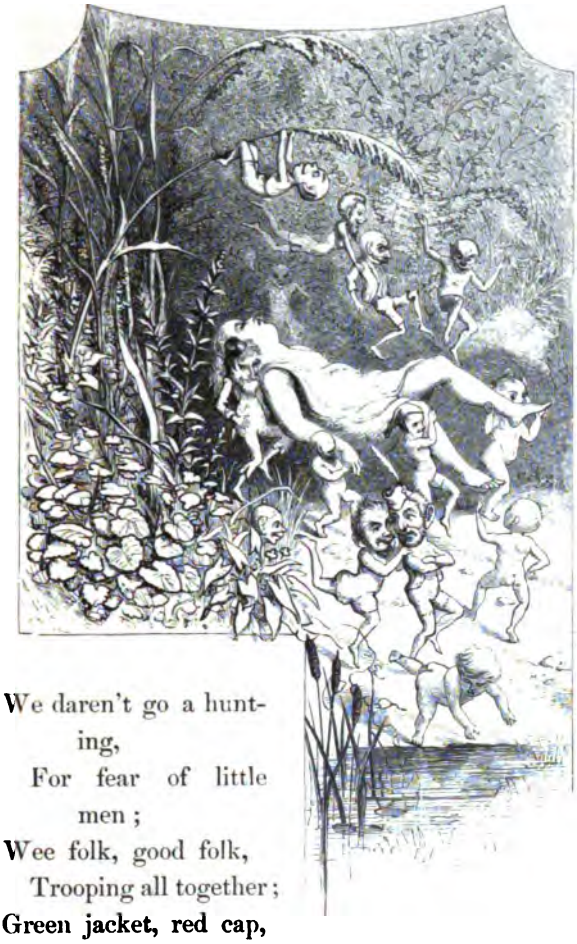
High on the hill-top
  The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
  He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
  Columbkill he crosses,

On his stately journeys
  From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music,
  On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the queen
  Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
  For seven years long;
When she came down again
  Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
  Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
  But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
  Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
  Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
  For pleasure here and there;
Is any man so daring
  To dig one up in spite,
He shall find the thornies set
  In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
  Down the rushy glen,



We daren't go a hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## SUMMER DAYS.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood:
Our heart was light, our step was strong;
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came;
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In Summer, when the days were long,
We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In Summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And, in the sunlight and the breeze,
We feasted, many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

## SUMMER DAYS.

In Summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song.
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In Summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not;
For loving seemed like breathing then.
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels too, in all good men,
And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In Summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone.
I see her not; but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In Summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood;
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In Summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong;
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In Summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
  An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
  Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
  Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
  And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
  They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
  Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
  And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
  As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
  A melancholy man.

His hat was off, his vest apart,
  To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
  And his bosom ill at ease;

So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
  The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
  Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
  In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
  And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
  With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
  And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
  And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
  Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
  And past a shady nook.
And lo, he saw a little boy,
  That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read?
  Romance, or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
  Of kings, and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance:
  "It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
  As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
  Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
  And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
  Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
  And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
  And murders done in caves.

And how the sprites of injured men
  Shriek upward from the sod;
Aye! how the ghostly hand will point
  To show the burial clod,
And unknown facts of guilty acts
  Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
  Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
  And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
  Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
  Their pangs must be extreme:

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
  Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
  A murder, in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,
  A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field;
  The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
  And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
  And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife;
  And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
  But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
  That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
  For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
  That murder could not kill.

"And lo, the universal air
  Seemed lit with ghastly flame!
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
  Were looking down in blame.

I took the dead man by his hand,
  And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
  Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
  The blood gushed out amain;
For every clot a burning spot
  Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal,
  My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
  Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
  Had never groaned but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
  From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
  Of the blood-avenging Sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
  And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
  And cast it in a stream:
The sluggish water black as ink,
  The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember, this
  Is nothing but a dream.

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
  And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
  And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
  That evening in the school.

"O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
  And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
  Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
  'Mid holy cherubim.

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
  And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
  That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
  With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
  In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
  But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
  The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
  From weary chime to chime;

With one besetting, horrid hint,
  That racked me all the time:
A mighty yearning, like the first
  Fierce impulse unto crime:

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
  All other thoughts its slave.
Stronger and stronger every pulse
  Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
  The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
  As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
  With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
  For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
  The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
  I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
  Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
  I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
  Before the day began;

## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
  I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
  But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
  In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
  And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
  And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
  That earth refused to keep,
Or land or sea, though he should be
  Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
  Till blood for blood atones!
Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
  And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
  The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
  Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
  The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
  Like Cranmer's at the stake.

## WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
  Will wave or mould allow:
The horrid thing pursues my soul;
  It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
  Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
  The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
  Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
  With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.

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## WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
  Are stillest when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
  Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
  Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep;
  Sweet spirit, meet me then!

## MADRIGAL.

There is an hour when holy dreams
  Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
  Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
  For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
  My angel and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
  Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
  As stars look on the sea.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

## MADRIGAL.

As I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
The feathered snow came softly down,
As Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
As little birds into their nest;
But, overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

ANONYMOUS.

## LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
  Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone,
  Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O,
  The difference to me!

William Wordsworth.

## THE SAILOR.

### A ROMAIC BALLAD.

THOU that hast a daughter
  For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
  With snow upon his head;
O, give her to an old man,
  Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
  That sails upon the sea!

How luckless is the sailor
  When sick and like to die;
He sees no tender mother,
  No sweetheart standing by.
Only the captain speaks to him:
  "Stand up, stand up, young man!
And steer the ship to haven,
  As none beside thee can."

Thou say'st to me, "Stand up, stand up!"
  I say to thee, Take hold!
Lift me a little from the deck;
  My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
  With handkerchiefs be bound;

## THE SAILOR.

There! take my love's gold handkerchief,
  And tie it tightly round.

Now bring the chart, the doleful chart;
  See, where these mountains meet!
The clouds are thick around their head,
  The mists around their feet.
Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe
  Within the rocky cleft:
The little anchor on the right,
  The great one on the left.

And now to thee, O captain,
  Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
  In church or cloister gray;
But on the windy sea-beach,
  At the ending of the land,
All on the surfy sea-beach,
  Deep down into the sand.

For there will come the sailors;
  Their voices I shall hear,
And, at casting of the anchor,
  The yo-ho loud and clear,
And, at hauling of the anchor,
  The yo-ho and the cheer.
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
  I nevermore may steer!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## THE MERRY CHASSEUR.

O, a gallant sans-peur
Is the merry chasseur,
With his fanfaron horn, and his rifle, ping-pang!
And his grand haversack
Of gold on his back:
His pistol, cric-crac!
And his sword, cling-clang!

O, to see him blithe and gay
From some hot and bloody day,
Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows "au rang!"
With a wheel and a whirl,
And a wheeling waltzing girl,
And his bow, "place aux dames!" and his oath, "feu et sang!"
And his hop and his fling,
Till his gold and silver ring
To the clatter and the clash of his sword, cling-clang!

But hark!
Through the dark
Up goes the well-known shout!
The drums beat the turn-out!
Cut short your courting, Monsieur l'Amant!
Saddle! mount! march! trot!
Down comes the storm of shot!
The foe is at the charge! En avant!

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

His jolly haversack
Of gold is on his back;
Hear his pistol, cric-crac! hear his rifle, ping-pang!

Vive l'Empereur!
And where's the chasseur?

He's in
Among the din,
Steel to steel—cling-clang!

SYDNEY DOBELL.

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## DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders, thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Inthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE JOINERS.

I.

THE moon is round and big, and full
Of something strange and beautiful:

Pensive and pale, she seems to lie,
Couched in the comfortable sky,

Wistfully watching all among
The stars, and troubled for her young.

II.

The Joiner's wife is big, and full
Of something strange and beautiful:

Patient and still and pale she lies,
A tender terror in her eyes,

Wistfully, through the workshop door,
Counting his footsteps on the floor.

III.

A restless and a troubled ray
Hath vexed the Joiner's eye all day,

As fretful firelight flickers o'er
The chambers of the sick and poor;

But Love fills with religious light
The chapel of his thoughts to-night,

And consecrated tapers shine
Above, before, around the shrine.

His words are few and low and mild,
As careful for a sleeping child.

No cunning in his craft of late:
Compass and plumb and rule must wait,

Till the Unerring Skill hath done
The work his daring hand begun.

IV.

Two figures cross the Joiner's sill,
Two prophecies, of Good and Ill;

One paler, colder than the moon,
The other like an April noon;

Two odors — this of churchyard mould,
That as when fragrant buds unfold:

V.

"Good master, by your leave, you see
Two joiners faring piteously.

"Weary and famished, cold and sore,
Warmth, rest, refreshment, we implore,

"So, master, be your roof-tree blest
In coming and in parting guest,

"And we your pity will requite
With nimble handicraft to-night."

VI.

"Well done!" The strangers' hammers ring
In measure to strange tunes they sing;

A dirge, a cradle-hymn they try,
A requiem and a lullaby.

VII.

The moon is gone, her place all dark,
Where late she lay one struggling spark!

## TO LUCASTA.

And *she* is "parting:" her vacant breast
But coldly welcomes "the coming guest;"

But they finished their work ere they went their way,
A coffin grim and a cradle gay.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

## TO LUCASTA,

### ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
  That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
  To warre and armes I flee.

## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
  The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
  Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

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## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

A gown, made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

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## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's Spring, but sorrow's Fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs:
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## TO THE UNSATISFIED.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
  For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
  Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
  All thy restless yearnings it would still:
Leaf and flower, and laden bee, are preaching,
  Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
  Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
  To some little world, through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
  No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
  By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
  Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
  Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

## TO THE UNSATISFIED.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
  Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
  And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
  When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
  Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
  Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
  Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
  Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
  And their beauty, and thy wealth, are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
  Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
  Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW.

## DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed:
Beloved till Life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

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THE DIRGE OF IMOGEN.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finished joy and moan:

## YORK AND LANCASTER.

All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
  Quiet consummation have,
  And renowned be thy grave!

SHAKSPEARE.

## YORK AND LANCASTER.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
  Placed in thy bosom bare,
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
  And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
  As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,
  And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;

Fresh fingers weary & worn
Fresh eyelids heavy & red
A woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle & thread —
Stitch, stitch, stitch
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this Song of the Shirt!

Thos: Hood

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And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work, work, work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work!
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam;
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?

I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own;
It seems so like my own
  Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work, work, work!
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof — and this naked floor,
  A table — a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work, work, work,
  From weary chime to chime!
Work, work, work,
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band;
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work, work, work,
  In the dull December light!
And work, work, work,
  When the weather is warm and bright!
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,

As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the Spring.

"O! but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour,
  A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread.
    Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

## ELEGY.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale.

Thus from the sun my bottom steares,
And my dayes compass downward bears;
Nor labor I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the vanne, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime: I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Dr. Henry King.

## THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
  So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
  To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
  Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
  And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
  And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
  Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the Kye come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkenned by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But, saving ae crown piece, he'd naething else beside.
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm; our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick — my Jamie was at sea;
And Auld Robin Gray, O, he cam a-courting me!

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

My father cou'dna work — my mother cou'dna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith; and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, O! for their sakes will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair — my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair — I bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin.
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be;
For Auld Robin Gray, O! he is sae kind to me.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.

## NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

I LOVE contemplating, apart
  From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
    Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
  Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
    Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
  Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
    On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
  Of birds, to Britain half-way over,
With envy—*they* could reach the white,
    Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
  Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
    To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
  He saw one morning — dreaming — doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
    Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
  The livelong day laborious; lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
    By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
  Description wretched; such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
    Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
  It would have made the boldest shudder:
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled;
    No sail — no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
  His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And, thus equipped, he would have passed
    The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
  His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
    Napoleon's hearing.

## NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
  Serene alike in peace and danger;
And, in his wonted attitude,
    Addressed the stranger:

"Rash man, that would'st yon channel pass
  On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
    Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
  "But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
    To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said:
  "Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
    So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
  And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
    And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
  To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
    Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE,

### AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,
  Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
  Rode the Six Hundred.

Into the valley of Death
  Rode the Six Hundred;
For up came an order which
  Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said;
Into the valley of Death,
  Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldiers knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death,
  Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,

Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back — but not,
  Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
  Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
  Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
  Noble Six Hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt:
Unwritten history!
Unfathomed mystery!
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the Summers go:
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony;
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls:

## CRADLE SONG.

Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide!
  What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
  What of the cradle-roof, that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
  What does he think of his mother's breast,
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,
  Cup of his life and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand, and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,
With a tenderness she can never tell,
  Though she murmur the words
  Of all the birds,
Words she has learned to murmur well?
    Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
    I can see the shadow creep
    Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
    Over his brow and over his lips,
    Out to his little finger-tips!
    Softly sinking, down he goes!
    Down he goes! Down he goes!
    See! He's hushed in sweet repose!

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

## HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR AND KNOCKETH.

In the silent midnight watches,
  List—thy bosom door!
How it knocketh — knocketh — knocketh,
  Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating:
  'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
  "Rise, and let me in!"

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,
  To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,
  Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth,
  But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
  Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating
  Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of Heaven beating,
  Wailing for thy sin.

## THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

Nay! — alas, thou guilty creature!
  Hast thou, then, forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee;
  Now he knows thee not.

Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

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## THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
  That marks the old remembered spot,
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,
  The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church:
  A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
  And ended at the farmhouse door.

No line or compass traced its plan;
  With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
  But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,
  The broken millstone at the sill,
Though many a rood might stretch between,
  The truant child could see them still.

## THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

No rocks across the pathway lie,
  No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown;
And yet it winds, we know not why,
  And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way,
  With shaking knees and leaping heart;
And so it often runs astray,
  With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
  From some unholy banquet reeled;
And since, our devious steps maintain
  His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus: — no earth-born will
  Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,
  To walk unswerving were divine.

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;
  O, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
  We still can see our Father's door!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## VANITAS.

I'VE set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me:
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

## VANITAS.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health:
But ah!
The slippery change went about like air,
And when I had clutched a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next:
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
But ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot;
The constant one wearied me out and out;
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand:
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland;
But ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should:
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame:
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folk that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

And then I set my heart upon war:
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat:
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,
And some of our friends fared quite the same.
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see:
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me:
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout!
Come! drink the lees all out!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. (German.)

Translation of JOHN S. DWIGHT.

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## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though, on the forge's brow,
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

## THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains — the black mould heaves below;
And, red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe.
It rises, roars, rends all outright — O, Vulcan! what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright — the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery, fearful show!
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe!
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil — all about, the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out, leap out!" bang, bang! the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow;
And, thick and loud, the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"
Leap out, leap out, my masters! leap out, and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor — a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road:
The low reef roaring on her lee; the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down; the rudder gone; the boats stove at the chains;
But courage still, brave mariners — the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns — save when ye pitch sky high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing — here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order! let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.

But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in!—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din—our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here
For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave-away, and the sighing seamen's cheer,
When, weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard! if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces!—Methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plumb-plunging down, amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till, snorting like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply, in a cove
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,

To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed fisher of the deep! whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white the giant game to play.
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave:
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls! couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side—or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend!
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride—thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
To shed their blood so freely for the love of fatherland,
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave!
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory whose bones he goes among!

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

## CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.
When the nursing-woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!
She will shortly be to christen;
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her:
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside,
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are so good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine;
What do you think of Caroline?

## THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY.

How I'm puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever
Lest the name that I should give her
Should disgrace her or defame her;
I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

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## THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY.

SWEET in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers,
Lulled by the faint breezes sighing through her hair;
Sleeps she, and hears not the melancholy numbers
Breathed to my sad lute amid the lonely air.

Down from the high cliffs the rivulet is teeming,
To wind round the willow banks that lure him from above;
O that, in tears, from my rocky prison streaming,
I, too, could glide to the bower of my love!

Ah! where the woodbines, with sleepy arms, have wound her,
Opes she her eyelids at the dream of my lay,
Listening, like the dove, while the fountains echo round her,
To her lost mate's call in the forests far away!

Come, then, my bird! for the peace thou ever bearest,
Still heaven's messenger of comfort to me!
Come! this fond bosom, my faithfullest, my fairest,
Bleeds with its death-wound—but deeper yet for thee.

GEORGE DARLEY.

## POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
  'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
  And it a'n't to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest topgallant-mast smack smooth should smite,
  And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
  And under reefed foresail we'll scûd.
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
  To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
  About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
  Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
  Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
  That Providence takes us in tow;
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms ne'er so oft
  Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

## POOR JACK.

I said to our Poll — for, d'ye see, she would cry,
  When last we weighed anchor for sea:
What argufies snivelling, and piping your eye?
  Why what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
  Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
  You never will hear of me more.
What then? All's a hazard; come, don't be so soft:
  Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
  To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
  All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to flinch
  From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,
  Naught's a trouble from a duty that springs;
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
  And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
  As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
  Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

CHARLES DIBDIN.

## WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
  On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
  We met — and we parted forever!
The night-bird sang, and the stars above
  Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
  Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence; our cheeks were wet
  With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never — no, never — forget,
  And those vows at the time were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
  Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
  Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
  And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealed book,
  Some tale of that loved one keeping.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

MRS. J. CRAWFORD.

THE SANDS O' DEE.

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,

Oh Mary, go & call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home;
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.
The western wind was wild and dank with foam
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er & o'er the sand,
And round & round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down, & hid the land;
And never home came she.

C Kingsley

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Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild, and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,

THE RECONCILIATION.

To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
O there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE GARRET.

O, IT was here that Love his gifts bestowed
On Youth's wild age!
Gladly once more I seek my youth's abode,
In pilgrimage:
Here my young mistress with her poet dared
Reckless to dwell;
She was sixteen, I twenty — and we shared
This attic cell.

Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all,
Here was Love's shrine;
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
The unfinished line.
Here was the board where kindred hearts would blend:
The Jew can tell
How oft I pawned my watch to feast a friend
In attic cell.

O, my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl:
Bashful, yet fond.

## THE GARRET.

What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learned but too well?
Still in those days I envied not a prince,
In attic cell.

Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst,
'Mid the bright bowls:
Yes, it was here Marengo's triumph first
Kindled our souls!
Bronze cannon roared; France with redoubled might
Felt her heart swell;
Proudly we drank our Consul's health that night
In attic cell!

Dreams of my youthful days! I'd freely give,
Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
For one of those.
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
In attic cell?

PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER. (French.)

Translation of Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY. (Father Prout.)

## MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast:

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on;
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

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God pity them both & pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of life recall!
Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
Ah well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes,
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

John G. Whittier

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-trees again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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## O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

O, WEEL befa' the maiden gay,
  In cottage, bught, or penn!
An' weel befa' the bonny May
  That wons in yonder glen!
Wha lo'es the modest truth sae weel,
Wha's aye sae kind, an' aye sae leal,
An' pure as blooming asphodel
  Amang sae mony men!
O, weel befa' the bonny thing
  That wons in yonder glen!

'Tis sweet to hear the music float
  Alang the gloaming lea;
'Tis sweet to hear the blackbird's note
  Come pealing frae the tree;

## O, WEEL BEFA' THE MAIDEN GAY.

To see the lambkin's lightsome race,
The dappled kid in wanton chase,
The young deer cower in lonely place,
  Deep in his flowery den;
But sweeter far the bonny face
  That smiles in yonder glen!

O, had it no' been for the blush
  O' maiden's virgin flame,
Dear Beauty never had been known,
  An' never had a name;
But aye sin' that dear thing o' blame
Was modelled by an angel's frame,
The power o' beauty reigns supreme
  O'er a' the sons o' men;
But deadliest far the sacred flame
  Burns in a lonely glen!

There's beauty in the violet's vest,
  There's hinny in the haw;
There's dew within the rose's breast,
  The sweetest o' them a';
The sun will rise and set again,
An' lace wi' burning gowd the main,
The rainbow bend out-ower the plain,
  Sae lovely to the ken;
But lovelier far the bonny thing
  That wons in yonder glen!

JAMES HOGG.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw in a thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin' awa'
  To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is ever fair
  In the Land o' the Leal.

You've been leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended now, Jean;
And I'll welcome you
  To the Land o' the Leal.
Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean!
My soul langs to be free, Jean;
And angels wait on me
  To the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And we grudged her sair
  To the Land o' the Leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean:
The joy that's aye to last,
  In the Land o' the Leal.

THE THREE SONS.

A' our friends are gane, Jean;
We've lang been left alane, Jean;
We'll a' meet again
  In the Land o' the Leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean!
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and ay' be fain,
  In the Land o' the Leal.

CAROLINE, LADY NAIRN.

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THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave, and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be: I know his face is fair;
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teacheth him to pray;
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he
will say.
O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine, sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the Tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
O, we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

## TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,

## TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chiller still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

## ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
    Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
    Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast;
And yet he robs me of my rest:
    Ah, wanton! will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
    With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
    The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
    Whist, wanton! still ye!

Else I with roses every day
    Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
    For your offence;

## VIRTUE.

I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win
    If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy,
    With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
    Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes—I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
    Spare not, but play thee!

THOMAS LODGE.

---

## VIRTUE.

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
    For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave;
    And thou must die.

## SONG.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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## SONG.

THE world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,
  And waly, waly down the brae!
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
  Where I and my love wont to gae!

I leaned my back unto an aik;
  I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak:
  Sae my true love did lightly me!

O waly, waly, but love be bonny
  A little time, while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
  And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
  Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
  And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed:
  The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
  Sin' my true love has forsaken me.

## WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
  And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
  For of my life I'm weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
  Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
  But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we cam in by Glasgow town,
  We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
  And I mysel' in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
  That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gowd,
  And pinned it with a silver pin.

O, O, if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gane,
  And the green grass growin' over me!

ANONYMOUS.

## OLD TIMES.

I.

Old times, old times, the gay old times,
  When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter-chimes
  Under the sally tree!
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
  My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
  And sunshine on the land!
                Old times! Old times!

II.

It is not that my fortunes flee,
  Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
  My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
  Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
  And in my knowledge care.
                Old times! Old times!

III.

I've lived to know my share of joy,
  To feel my share of pain,

## OLD TIMES.

To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
  To love — and love in vain;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
  To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
  And sing the gay old times!
                Old times! Old times!

IV.

And sure the land is nothing changed:
  The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged;
  There's sunshine on the hill.
The sally, waving o'er my head,
  Still sweetly shades my frame;
But ah, those happy days are fled,
  And I am not the same.
                Old times! Old times!

V.

O come again, ye merry times,
  Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm!
And let me hear those Easter-chimes,
  And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
  My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
  They'd never come again!
                Old times! Old times!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE BROOK-SIDE.

I WANDERED by the brook-side,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

## THE BROOK-SIDE.

I sat beneath the elm-tree ;.
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not — no, he came not;
The night came on alone:
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred;
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer — nearer,
We did not speak one word;
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

## THE SONG OF THE DYING.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
  And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
  It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
  We drink to our comrades' eyes:
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
  And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
  Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
  And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
  And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
  Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall midst the winecup's sparkles,
  As mute as the wine we drink.

## THE SONG OF THE DYING.

So! stand to your glasses, steady!
  'Tis this that the respite buys:
One cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
  We thought we were wiser then.
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
  Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
  The thoughtless are here, and the wise:
A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
  There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
  They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So! stand to your glasses, steady!
  'Tis here the revival lies:
A cup to the dead already;
  And hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing:
  'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
  Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
  For a moment the vapor flies:
A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

## A PETITION TO TIME.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
  Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
  Of the soul shall sting no more?
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
  The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already;
  Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
  Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
  And the dullest remain behind!
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
  'Tis all we have left to prize:
A cup to the dead already;
  And hurrah for the next that dies!

CAPTAIN DOWLING, East India Company's Service.

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## A PETITION TO TIME.

TOUCH us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
  Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we:
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

Touch us gently, Time!
  We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER. (Barry Cornwall.)

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## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily, all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
  Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with carrara
  Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down;
  And still wavered down the snow.

I stood and watched from my window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow birds
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

And again to the Child I whispered,
"The Snow that hushetth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can bid it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her Sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

J. R. Lowell

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## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood:
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the Babes in the Wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of our buried woe.

And again to the child I whispered
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can bid it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her,
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
  Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"The Ancient Mariner."

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray:
"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he;
"What's your name? O stop, and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold."
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks:
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird,
Full of quips and wiles:
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow;
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
His full heart out freely, o'er and o'er,
  'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow
  From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped, and through the glade;
Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
  And from out the tree
Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,
  "Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern;
"Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return:
  Bring me nuts!" quoth she.
Up, away the frisky squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,
  And adown the tree,
Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
In the little lap dropped one by one;
Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
  "Happy Bell!" pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:
"Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
  Come and share with me!"
Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,
Down came bonny blackbird I declare;

## LITTLE BELL.

Little Bell gave each his honest share:
  Ah, the merry three!

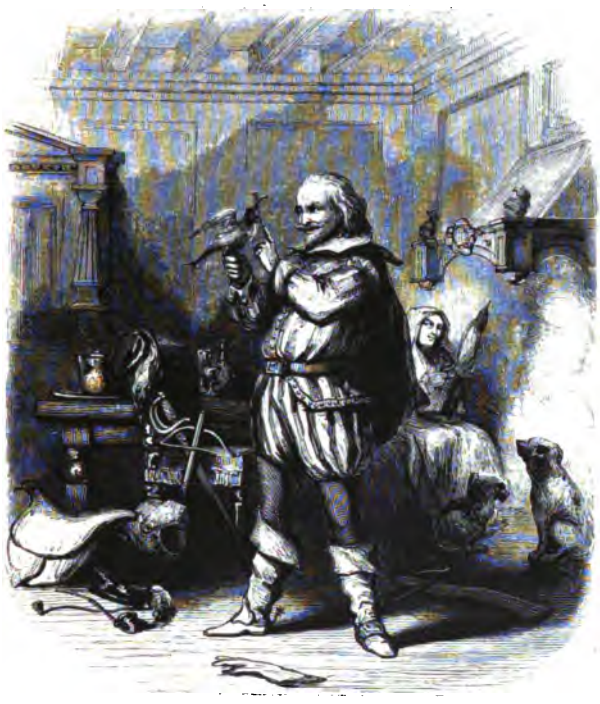
And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped, and frisked from bough to bough again,
  'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow,
  From the blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.
  Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
  Paused awhile to hear.

"What good child is this," the angel said,
"That, with happy heart, beside her bed
  Prays so lovingly?"
Low and soft, O very low and soft!
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft:
  "Bell, dear Bell!" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care;
  Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm.—Love deep and kind
Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,
  Little Bell, for thee."

THOMAS WESTWOOD.



## SIR MARMADUKE.

Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight:
    Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
    With his hose rolled over his knee;
His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk;
    And he looks like the head
      Of an ancient family.

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

His dining-room was long and wide:
    Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;
    And in other parts, d'ye see,
Crossbows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;
    And he looked like the head
      Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate:
    Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
    Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
    And so may every head
      Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN, "the younger."

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## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs, where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday;
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither!
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
  And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one:
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
  But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king:
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
  When one pert lady said
"O Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
  And in her own dark hair

Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round:
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

## THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
    If she be not such to me,
    What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
    And unless that mind I see,
    What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn, and let her go;
    For if she be not for me,
    What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER.

## THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

IN their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
    Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,

And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the Isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly,
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the "villainous saltpetre"
Rang a fierce, discordant metre
Round our ears.
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bareheaded Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,

## A CHARADE.

And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet-loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

## A CHARADE.

COME from my First — ay, come!
The battle-dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die.

## A CHARADE.

Fight as thy fathers fought,
  Fall as thy fathers fell!
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:
  So — forward! and farewell!

Toll ye my Second — toll!
  Fling high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
  Beneath the silent night.
The wreath upon his head,
  The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
  So — take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole — ay, call
  The lord of lute and lay,
And let him greet the sable pall
  With a noble song to-day!
Go, call him by his name:
  No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
  On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

## THE FADED VIOLET.

WHAT thought is folded in thy leaves!
  What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
  Thou darling of the April rain.

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
  Though scent and azure tint are fled;
O! dry, mute lips, ye are the type
  Of something in me cold and dead:

Of something wilted like thy leaves,
  Of fragrance flown, of beauty dim;
Yet, for the love of those white hands
  That found thee by a river's brim,

That found thee when thy sunny mouth
  Was purpled, as with drinking wine:
For love of her who love forgot,
  I hold thy faded lips to mine.

That thou shouldst live when I am dead,
  When hate is dead for me, and wrong,
For this I use my subtlest art,
  For this I fold thee in my song.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

## O! SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

O! SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
  But on thy turf shall roses rear
  Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
  Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
  And lingering pause, and lightly tread:
  Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead.

Away! we know that tears are vain,
  That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain,
  Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

## TO PRIMROSES,

### FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! ye have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings! and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?

## TO BLOSSOMS.

No, no; this sorrow, shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

ROBERT HERRICK.

## TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And, after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew:
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

## HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John,
He that went to sea;
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

## HOW'S MY BOY?

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman.
Yonder down in the town;
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor:
Blue jacket or no,
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton.'"
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town.
Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor;
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Burly, dozing, humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me:
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!

R.W. Emerson

## TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other.
How's my boy — my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

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## TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

FINE humblebee, fine humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
    Flower-bells,
    Honeyed cells:
    These the tents
    Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,

## TO THE HUMBLEBEE.

Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within ear-shot of thy hum;
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtile heats,
Turns the sod to violets:
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot Midsummer's petted crone!
Sweet to me thy drowsy tune,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;

But violets, and bilberry-bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
  Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
  Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon.
  A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
  Stood on our storming-day;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
  Legs wide, arms locked behind:
As if to balance the prone brow,
  Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans,
  That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
  Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
  A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
  Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect,
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through,)
You looked twice, ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon,

## A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed: his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
  Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

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## A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting.
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind dying."
  Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
  Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;

## A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coolun?'"
There's a form at the casement — the form of her true love;
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love.

## MY LOVE.

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly;
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
'Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from her seat, longs to go — and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound.
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps — then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel swings;
Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings.
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

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## MY LOVE.

I.

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear,
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star;
And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair:
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI.

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness

Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII.

She is a woman — one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green:
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.

Enough, while Memory, tranced and glad,
Paints silently the fair,
That each should dream of joys he's had,
Or yet may hope to share.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
  From hallowed thoughts so dear;
But drink to her that each loves most,
  As she would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
  Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
  With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
  Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings;
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid;
  In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans, the slow smile, half shut up in her eyes,
  Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
  Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans — where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
  Droops — from under warm fringes of broidery white
The slightest of feet, silken-slippered, protrude
  For one moment; then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
  The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
  With herself; and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained, luxurious light
  Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters white
  Past the windows, in feathery showers.

All without is so cold, 'neath the low leaden sky!
  Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gendarme
Stalks surly; a distant carriage hums by.
  All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of court:
  How the courtesan pushes, the charlatan thrives.
We put horns on the heads of our friends, just for sport;
  Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled mine,
  That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say,

## MADAME LA MARQUISE.

Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
  Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon: then's the time to behold her,
  With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that veil — o'er the velvets and furs which infold her
  Leaning back with a queenly repose,

As she glides up the sunlight! You'd say she was made
  To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
  Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace!
  Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
  But what the heart's like we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the world,
  (Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and with passion,)
Who could live with a doll — though its locks should be curled,
  And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?

'Tis so fair! — would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
  Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
  — Is it worth while to guess at all this?

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

## BEWARE!

I KNOW a maiden fair to see:
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be:
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown:
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down:
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue:
Take care!
And what she says it is not true:
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow:
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show:
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

## SONG.

She gives thee a garland woven fair:
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear:
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## LEFT BEHIND.

It was the autumn of the year;
The strawberry-leaves were red and sere;
October's airs were fresh and chill;
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me:
Me, whom your keen, artistic sight
Has not yet learned to read aright,
Since I have veiled my heart from you,
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past:
The tardy honors won at last,
The trials borne, the conquests gained,
The longed-for boon of Fame attained;
I knew that every victory
But lifted you away from me,
That every step of high emprise
But left me lowlier in your eyes;
I watched the distance as it grew,
And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace
Of anguish sweep across my face;
You did not hear my proud heart beat,
Heavy and slow, beneath your feet;

## LEFT BEHIND.

You thought of triumphs still unwon,
Of glorious deeds as yet undone;
And I, the while you talked to me,
I watched the gulls float lonesomely,
Till lost amid the hungry blue;
And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate;
The wise world smiles, and calls you great;
The golden fruitage of success
Drops at your feet in plenteousness;
And you have blessings manifold:
Renown and power, and friends and gold;
They build a wall between us twain,
Which may not be thrown down again.
Alas! for I, the long years through,
Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,
Have kept the promise of your youth;
And while you won the crown, which now
Breaks into bloom upon your brow,
My soul cried strongly out to you
Across the ocean's yearning blue,
While, unremembered and afar,
I watched you, as I watch a star,
Through darkness struggling into view;
And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream, in all these years
Of patient faith, and silent tears,

## TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.

That Love's strong hand would put aside
The barriers of place and pride,
Would reach the pathless darkness through,
And draw me softly up to you;
But that is past. If you should stray
Beside my grave, some future day,
Perchance the violets o'er my dust
Will half betray their buried trust,
And say, their blue eyes full of dew,
"She loved you better than you knew."

FLORENCE PERCY.

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## TAKE, O TAKE, THOSE LIPS AWAY.

TAKE, O take, those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn!
And those eyes, like break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again:
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide, those hills of snow,
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are yet of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SHAKSPEARE, AND JOHN FLETCHER.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
  I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
  The lassie I lo'e best.
There wildwoods grow, and rivers row,
  And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
  Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
  By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
  But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.

## OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
  Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
  All the landscape like a page perusing:
    Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat;
  Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding;
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat;
  Oaken staff, his feeble hand upholding:
    There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
  No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin, gray hair,
  And the furrows all so mutely pleading
    Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was Summer, and we went to school,
  Dapper country lads, and little maidens;
Taught the motto of the "dunce's stool,"

Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
"Here's a fool!"
It was Summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted.
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay,
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

## OLD.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell;
  Ah! to me her name was always Heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell:
  (I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)
        Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
  Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told.
  Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow;
        Down it rolled!
Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

I have tottered here to look once more
  On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
  Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
        To the core:
I have tottered here to look once more.

All the picture now to me how dear!
  E'en this gray old rock, where I am seated,
Is a jewel worth my journey here;
  Ah, that such a scene must be completed
        With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

Old stone school-house! — it is still the same:
  There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,

And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game:
Old stone school-house! — it is still the same.

In the cottage, yonder, I was born;
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling:
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage, yonder, I was born.

Those two gateway sycamores you see
Then were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under:
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising:
Traps and trails!
There the rude, three-cornered chestnut rails.

There's the mill that ground our yellow grain:
  Pond, and river, still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
  Where the lily of my heart was blowing:
    Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

There's the gate on which I used to swing,
  Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas! no more the morn shall bring

That dear group around my father's table:
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

I am fleeing — all I loved have fled.
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said
When around it Jane and I were straying;
She is dead!
I am fleeing — all I loved have fled.

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high:
Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky!

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother,
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways:
Bless the holy lesson! — but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices — silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

## OLD.

There my Mary blest me with her hand
  When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,
  Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
    Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

I have come to see that grave once more,
  And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,
  Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
    To the core;
I have come to see that grave once more.

Angel, said he sadly, I am old;
  Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.
  In his eye another pearl of sorrow;
    Down it rolled!
Angel, said he sadly, I am old.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
  Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
  All the landscape, like a page, perusing·
    Poor, unknown!
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

## NO MORE.

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
  A last low summer breeze, a far-off swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
  Breathe through those words, those murmurs of farewell:
                No More!

To dwell in peace, with home-affections bound,
  To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
  And in the blessing of her eye rejoice,
                No more!

A dirge-like sound! — to greet the early friend
  Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
  Or join the household laughter by the blaze,
                No more!

Through woods that shadowed our first years to rove,
  With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
  And turn and read our own heart's answer there,
                No more!

## NO MORE.

Words of despair! yet Earth's, all Earth's, the woe
  Their passion breathes, the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven — O! image then the flow
  Of gladness in its tones — to part, to weep,
                No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
  To see the beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
  To waste the untold riches of the heart,
                No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
  For human love, and never quench that thirst;
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
  O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed,
                No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean;
  To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
  Intensely questioning for treasures fled,
                No more!

Words of triumphant music! Bear we on
  The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air:
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done,
  To learn in joy — to struggle, to despair,
                No more!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly,
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces:

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone — the old familiar faces!

CHARLES LAMB.

## A SNOW-STORM.

IS a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the blast is heard, like the chime

Of the waves on an angry sea;
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down — all day,
As it never came down before;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone,
The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther! See — on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts on the plain, Ho, ho, Ho, ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,

## A SNOW-STORM.

Sits a shivering dog in the field by the road,
  With the snow in his shaggy hair!
He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
Then crouching low from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet:
  Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
  But he lost the travelled way;
And for hours he trod, with might and main,
  A path for his horse and sleigh;
But colder still the cold wind blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
  Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
  She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
  With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight,
His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
  With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
  To rouse up his dying steed,

And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain,
  For help in his master's need;
For a while he strives, with a wistful cry,

To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
  And whines when he takes no heed.

## A SNOW-STORM.

V.

The wind goes down, and the storm is o'er:
  'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
  In the whirl of the rushing blast;
The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
Looks down on the hills, with snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
  Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead, by the hidden log,
  Are they who came from the town:
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
  And his beautiful Morgan brown;
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand,
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
  Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

## THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude? Her heart
  Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue;
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
  As if to let its heavy throbbings through.
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
  Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
  The rich fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
  Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
  That measured out its links of golden hours.
She feels her inmost soul within her stir,
  With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart, its own interpreter,
  Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
  Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
  And yet she does not wish to wander back.

## THE OLD MAID.

No! she but loves in loneliness to think
  On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future — but the link
  That binds her to the past is Memory.

From her lone path she never turns aside,
  Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
  She seems to soar and beam above them all.
Not that her heart is cold — emotions new,
  And fresh as flowers, are with her heartstrings knit,
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
  Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
  To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
  Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there.
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
  Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss;
And now she hovers, like a star, between
  Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross.

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
  Though she hath ofttimes drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
  And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up.
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere
  Her bosom yet will, birdlike, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
  Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

## EPITAPH ON EROTION.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heartstrings thrill
  Soft sighs — for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
  With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on — half sad, half blest:
  Without a mate for the pure lonely heart
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
  Never to find its lovely counterpart.

AMELIA BALL WELBY.

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## EPITAPH ON EROTION.

UNDERNEATH this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion,
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipped away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou may'st be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade:
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy lar;
But this tomb here be alone,
The only melancholy stone.

MARTIAL. (Latin.)

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

## BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes,
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion:
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back, and small alarms,
Clutching fingers, straightening jerks,
Twining feet, whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,

## THE RAVEN.

Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences — small meditations,
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers — such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care, delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be:
That's May Bennett — that's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

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## THE RAVEN.

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
  Volume of forgotten lore,

While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
  Rapping at my chamber door:
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered,
  "Tapping at my chamber door;
  Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember!
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
  Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow,
  Sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden
  Whom the angels name Lenore:
  Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic
  Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating
  Entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating
  Entrance at my chamber door:
  This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
  Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
  Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you;"
  Here I opened wide the door:
  Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
  Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
  Was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo
  Murmured back the word "Lenore!"
  Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping,
  Somewhat louder than before:
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,

And this mystery explore;
Let my heart be 'still a moment,
And this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he,
Not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning,
  Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
  Bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
  Bust above his chamber door,
  With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
  That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered,
Not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered,
  "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me,
  As my hopes have flown before."
  Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
  Is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
  Till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope the

Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in
Front of bird, and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite — respite and nepenthe
  From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe,
  And forget this lost Lenore!"
  Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
  Tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted,
On this home by Horror haunted,
  Tell me truly, I implore:
Is there, is there balm in Gilead?
  Tell me — tell me, I implore!"
  Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,
  By that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden
  Whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
  Whom the angels name Lenore."
  Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest
  And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!
  Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
  And take thy form from off my door!"
  Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
  Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming,
  Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
  That lies floating on the floor
  Shall be lifted — nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

## ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;

## THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

EDMUND WALLER.

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## THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP! — The ghostly winds are blowing;
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going:
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are.

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('Twas melted away by his looks of fire,)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;

Sleep! The ghostly Winds are blowing;
No moon's abroad; no star is glowing:
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon & star,
To the land where the sinless Angels are!

×

The world is cruel; the world's untrue;
Our foes are many; our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue,!
What is there left for us to do, —
But fly, — fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps, — and die!

B. W. Procter.

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## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly, fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps — and die!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER. (Barry Cornwall.)

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## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell:
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes — she's here, she's past!
May Heaven go with her!

## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
    Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
    With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
    Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through Heaven's gate,
    Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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## SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

## THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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## THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE seen a nightingale
On a sprig of thyme bewail,
Seeing the dear nest, which was
Hers alone, borne off, alas!

## THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

By a laborer; I heard,
For this outrage, the poor bird
Say a thousand mournful things
To the wind, which, on its wings,
From her to the guardian of the sky,
Bore her melancholy cry,
Bore her tender tears. She spake
As if her fond heart would break:
One while, in a sad, sweet note,
Gurgled from her straining throat,
She enforced her piteous tale,
Mournful prayer, and plaintive wail;
One while, with the shrill dispute
Quite outwearied, she was mute;
Then afresh, for her dear brood,
Her harmonious shrieks renewed.
Now she winged it round and round;
Now she skimmed along the ground;
Now from bough to bough, in haste,
The delighted robber chased,
And, alighting in his path,
Seemed to say, 'twixt grief and wrath,
"Give me back, fierce rustic rude,
Give me back my pretty brood!"
And I saw the rustic still
Answered "That, I never will!"

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS. (Spanish.)

Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
  My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
  I'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
  Your hand on my briest bane;
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
  When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie:
  Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest,
  To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
  Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
  I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
  For the last time in my life:
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
  A mither, yet nae wife!

## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
  And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
  Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
  When we thegither met!
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
  That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
  Where we were wont to gae!
And wae's me for the destinie
  That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie:
  I downa seek to blame;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
  And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
  And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
  For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
  And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
  Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
  The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
  Ye said was red langsyne.

## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
  A sair stoun' through my heart;
O haud me up, and let me kiss
  Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!
  How fast my lifestrings break!
Fareweel, fareweel! through yon kirkyard
  Step lichtly for my sake!

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
  That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
  Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
  Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
  As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
  On land where'er ye be;
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
  That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
  That fyle my yellow hair,
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
  Ye never sall kiss mair!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

## KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG,

COMPLETED ONE HOUR BEFORE HE FELL ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, AUG. 26, 1813.

SWORD at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance, beaming,
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine!
Hurrah!

"Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand:
This well delights thy brand!
Hurrah!"

Ay, good sword, free I wear thee;
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride!
Hurrah!

"To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted;
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!"

## KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG.

The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning;
    When loud the cannon chide,
    Then clasp I my loved bride!
                Hurrah!

"O joy, when thine arms hold me!
I pine until they fold me.
    Come to me! bridegroom, come!
    Thine is my maiden bloom.
                Hurrah!"

Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing?
    Why clanging with delight,
    So eager for the fight?
                Hurrah!

"Well may thy scabbard rattle:
Trooper, I pant for battle;
    Right eager for the fight,
    I clang with wild delight.
                Hurrah!"

Why thus, my love, forth creeping?
Stay in thy chamber, sleeping;
    Wait still, in the narrow room:
    Soon for my bride I come.
                Hurrah!

## KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG.

"Keep me not longer pining!
O for Love's garden, shining
With roses bleeding red,
And blooming with the dead!
Hurrah!"

Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!
Thou trooper's true eye-pleasure!
Come forth, my good sword, come!
Enter thy father-home!
Hurrah!

"Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
How, in the sun's glad beams,
Bride-like, thy bright steel gleams!
Hurrah!"

Come on, ye German horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
Swells not your hearts' warm tide?
Clasp each in hand his bride!
Hurrah!

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping;
Now, wedded with your right,
God plights your bride in the light.
Hurrah!

## KÖRNER'S SWORD SONG.

Then press with warm caresses,
Close lips and bridal kisses,
Your steel; — cursed be his head
Who fails the bride he wed!
Hurrah!

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing.
Day dawns for bridal pride;
Hurrah, thou iron bride!
Hurrah!

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER. (German.)

Translation of WILLIAM B. CHORLEY.

## THE RIVER TIME.

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
  As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
  As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
  And the summers, like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf — so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
  As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
  Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
  And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow;
They are heaps of dust — but we loved them so!
  There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

## GIVE ME THE OLD.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that She used to wear.

There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

O! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
  All the day of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
  May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

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## GIVE ME THE OLD.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

I.

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
  Within the tun:

## GIVE ME THE OLD.

Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
  And ripened 'neath the blink
    Of India's sun!
    Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter;
    Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

II.

  Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
    And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
  Dug 'neath the fern;
  The knotted oak,
    A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
    While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

III.

  Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
    Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,

The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore:
  The well-earned meed
    Of Oxford's domes.
    Old HOMER blind,
Old HORACE, rake ANACREON, by
Old TULLY, PLAUTUS, TERENCE lie;
Mort ARTHUR'S olden minstrelsie,
Quaint BURTON, quainter SPENSER, ay!
And GERVASE MARKHAM'S venerie;
    Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

IV.

  Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
    So rarely found:
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
  In mountain walk!
    Bring WALTER good,
With soulful FRED, and learned WILL;
And thee, my *alter ego*, (dearer still
    For every mood.)

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

## LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark and silent stream;
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart:
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

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## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

*Sabbata pango;*
*Funera plango;*
*Solemnia clango.*

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee,

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

Rev. Francis Mahony. (Father Prout.)

## THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean:
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others — deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret:
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty."

Look at me, with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command,
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, Love-crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified! — Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love — ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay! there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow

## IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
  My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer
Let me behold thee in coming years!
  Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
    Philip, my King!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
    Philip, my King!
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without,
  Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious:
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
  As thou sit'st at the feet of God victorious,
    "Philip, the King!"

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

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## IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

IF I had thought thou couldst have died,
  I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
  That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
  That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
  And thou shouldst smile no more.

## IF I HAD THOUGHT THOU COULDST HAVE DIED.

And still upon that face I look,
  And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook
  That I must look in vain.
But when I speak, thou dost not say
  What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
  Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
  All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
  And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
  Thou seemest still mine own;
But there — I lay thee in thy grave,
  And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
  Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
  In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
  And never can restore.

Rev. CHARLES WOLFE.

## SUMMER LONGINGS.

Las mañanas floridas
De Abril y Mayo.

CALDERON

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the Summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning:

Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the Winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May!
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes — yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

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## THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

WE sat by the fisher's cottage,
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising,
And floating far and wide.

## THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

One by one in the light-house
  The lamps shone out on high;
And far on the dim horizon
  A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
  Of sailors, and how they live;
Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
  And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
  In regions strange and fair;
And of the wondrous beings
  And curious customs there:

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
  Which are launched in the twilight hour;
And the dark and silent Brahmins,
  Who worship the lotus flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,
  Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
  And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
  Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
  And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE HUNTER'S COTTAGE.

THE night is wet and stormy,
  The heavens are black above;
Through the woods, 'neath rustling branches,
  All silently I rove.

From the lonely hunter's cottage
  A light beams cheerily;
But it shall not tempt me thither
  Where all is sad to see:

## THE MERRY LARK WAS UP AND SINGING.

The blind old grandam is sitting
  Alone, in her leathern chair,
Uncanny, and stern as an image,
  And speaking to no one there;

The red-headed son of the hunter
  Strides, cursing, up and down,
And flings in a corner his rifle,
  With a bitter laugh and a frown;

A maiden is spinning and weeping,
  And moist'ning the flax with tears,
While at her small feet, whimpering,
  Lies a hound, with drooping ears.

HENRY HEINE. (German.)

Translation of CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

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## THE MERRY LARK WAS UP AND SINGING.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,
  And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
  When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared, and dead beside the snow-yard,
  And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,
And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
  Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine:
  My ribbins'll never be reet.
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
  For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet;
He met me i' th' lone tother day,
  (Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well,)
An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May.
  Bi'th' mass, iv he'll let me, aw will!

When he took my two honds into his:
  Good Lord, heaw they trembled between!
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
  Becose on him seein' my e'en.
My cheek went as red as a rose;
  There's never a mortal con tell
Heaw happy aw felt—for, thae knows,
  One couldn't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung:
  To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,
For aw thought to seem forrud wur wrung;
  So aw towd him aw'd tell him to-neet.
But, Mally, thae knows very weel,
  Though it isn't a thing one should own,

## THE VOICELESS.

Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',
  Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've towd thae my mind;
  What would to do iv it wur thee?
"Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
  An' a farrantly bargain he'll be;
For Jamie's as greadly a lad
  As ever stept eawt into th' sun.
Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed;
  An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done!"

Eh, dear! but it's time to be gwon:
  Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait;
Aw connut for shame be too soon,
  An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late.
Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel:
  Dost think 'at my bonnet'll do?
"Be off, lass — thae looks very weel;
  He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

## THE VOICELESS.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
  Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
  The wild flowers who will stoop to number?

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dripped from mercy's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as Heaven!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

## THE VOICELESS.

A few can touch the magic string,
  And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those that never sing,
  But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
  Whose song has told their hearts' sad story:
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
  The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
  O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
  On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
  Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
  Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing chord
  To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
  As sad as Earth, as sweet as Heaven!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE CAVE OF SILVER.

Seek me the cave of silver!
Find me the cave of silver!
Rifle the cave of silver!
  Said Ilda to Brok the Bold:
So you may kiss me often;
So you may ring my finger;
So you may bind my true love
  In the round hoop of gold!

Bring me no skins of foxes;
Bring me no beds of eider;
Boast not your fifty vessels
  That fish in the Northern Sea;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
  Will win my true love for thee.

Reena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver,
  Down deep in a valley-side;
So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
  As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly;
I go to the purple pastures,
To seek for the cave of silver
  So long as my life shall hold;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
  Who slaughtered Brok the Bold!

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
  Right up at the mountain gate;
And cried, O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
  Than the back of the thorny skate!

The Summer passed, and the Winter
Came down from the icy ocean:
But back from the cave of silver
  Returned not Brok the Bold;
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
  That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver!
I care for no cave of silver!
O far beyond caves of silver
  I pine for my Brok the Bold!

## A DIRGE.

O ye strong Norwegian gallants,
Go seek for my lovely lover,
And bring him to ring my finger
  With the round hoop of gold!

But the brave Norwegian gallants
They laughed at the cruel maiden,
And left her sitting in sorrow,
  Till her heart and her face grew old;
While she moaned of the cave of silver,
And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
And him who never will ring her
  With the round hoop of gold!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

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## A DIRGE.

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

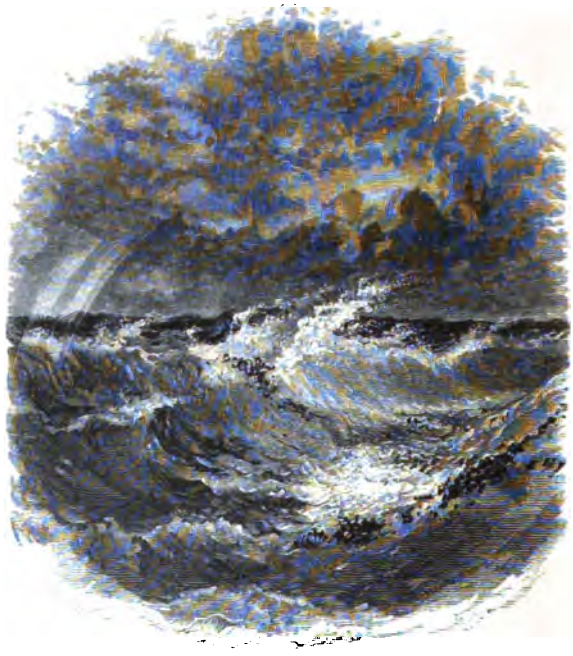
JOHN WEBSTER.

## REST AND LABOR.

"Two hands upon the breast,
  And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
  The race is won;
Two eyes with coin weights shut,
  And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
  Anger at peace!"
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest,
  Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest,
  Walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above,
  Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
  Not wrath, nor fears!"
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.



## GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,
  Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,
Soaring high and sinking low,
  Lashed along without will of mine;
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,
  Flung on the foam afar and anear,
Mark my manifold mystery:
  Growth and grace in their place appear.

## EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

I bear round berries, gray and red,
  Rootless and rover though I be;
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,
  Arboresce as a trunkless tree;
Corals curious coat me o'er,
  White and hard in apt array;
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,
  Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,
  Something whispers soft to me,
Restless and roaming for evermore,
  Like this weary weed of the sea;
Bear they yet on each beating breast
  The eternal type of the wondrous whole:
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,
  Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

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## EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
  Compose thy weary limbs to rest;
    For they alone are blest
      With balmy sleep
      Whom angels keep;
    Nor, though by care oppressed,
      Or anxious sorrow,

## EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse, my soul!
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,

## THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest?
O, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer!
For He that slumbereth not is there:
His ear is open to thy cry.
O, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!
Till in communion blest
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from Earth to Heaven:
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

MARGARET MERCER.

## THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

## DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain?
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures — love, and light,
  And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night:
  Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

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## DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.

O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
        Above the rest
Of all the maiden traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tombe.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground!
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
        The daffodill,
And other flowers, lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

## DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

Thou wonder of all maids, rest here!
Of daughters all the dearest deare,
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meades from whence we get
The primrose and the violet!

Too soone, too deare, did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty;
His was the bond and covenant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt.
Lamented maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch, and victor's song.
He slew the Ammonites, we know:
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeale of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, teares for wine;
And, to make fine
And fresh thy herse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee every yeare.

Receive, for this thy praise, our teares!
Receive this offering of our haires!
Receive these christall vials, filled

## DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

With teares distilled
From teeming eyes! To these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To guild thy tombe. Besides, these caules,
These laces, ribbands, and these faules;
These veiles, wherewith we use to hide
The bashfull bride
When we conduct her to her groome:
All, all we lay upon thy tombe!

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivalls,
We cowslip balls,
Or chaines of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no! our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee:
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee — to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise!
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense!
Let balme and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument!

## THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boysterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a Spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing!

May all shie maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers!
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male incense burn
Upon thine altar; then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn!

ROBERT HERRICK.

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## THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive,
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this, nor will;
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But O, my fears!

It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean — their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain;
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.
  Inconstant Sylvio! when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me. Nay, and I know
What he said then — I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear!"
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild;
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
  Thenceforth, I set myself to play
My solitary time away,
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent.
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game. It seemed to bless

Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O! I cannot be
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.
  Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did—his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
  With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white—shall I say than my hand?
Nay! any lady's of the land.
  It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas, on those little silver feet!
With what a pretty, skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race!
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler, much, than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
  I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;

And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
  O help! O help! I see it faint,
And die as calmly as a saint!
See, how it weeps! the tears do come,
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.
  I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It, till it do o'erflow, with mine;
Then place it in Diana's shrine.
  Now my sweet fawn is vanished to

## THE WEEPEN LIADY.

Whither the swans and turtles go,
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.
O do not run too fast! for I
Will but bespeak thy grave — and die.
  First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too. But there
Th' engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still drooping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

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## THE WEEPEN LIADY.

WHEN liate o' nights, above the green,
By thik wold house the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head's, a wa'ken to an' fro,
In robes so white's the driven snow:
  Wi' oon yarm down, while oon da rest,
  All lily-white, athirt the breast
        O' thik poor weepen liady.

## THE WEEPEN LIADY.

The whirdlen win' and whislen squall
Da shiake the ivy by the wall,
An' miake the plyen tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock;
An' slammen door, an' rottlen lock,
  That in thik empty house da zound,
  Da never zeem to miake look round
        Thik ever downcast liady.

A liady, as the tiale da goo,
That oonce lived there, an' loved too true,
Wer by a young man cast azide:
A mother zad, but not a bride;
An' then her father, in his pride
  An' anger, offered oon o' two
  Vull bitter things to undergoo,
        To thik poor weepen liady:

That she herzuf shood leäve his door,
To darken it agen noo muore;
Ar that her little playsome chile,
A-zent awoy a thousan' mile,
Shood never meet her eyes, to smile
  An' play agen; till she in shiame
  Shood die, an' leäve a tarnished niame:
        A zad varziaken liady!

"Let me be lost," she cried, "the while
I da but know var my poor chile;"
An' left the huome ov all her pride,
To wander droo the wordle wide,

## DRIFTING.

Wi' grief that vew but she ha tried;
  An' lik' a flower a blow ha broke,
  She withered wi' thik deadly stroke,
    An' died a weepen liady.

An' she da keep a-comen on,
To zee thik father dead an' gone;
As if her soul cood ha' noo rest,
Avore her teary cheäk's a-prest
By his vargiven kiss. Zoo blest
  Be they that can but live in love,
  An' vind a pliace o' rest above,
    Unlik the weepen liady!

WILLIAM BARNES.

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## DRIFTING.

  My soul to-day
  Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
  My winged boat,
  A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

  Round purple peaks
  It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
  Where high rocks throw,
  Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

## DRIFTING.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;

## DRIFTING.

The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail:
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

## DRIFTING.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

EVENING.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening, over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below,
Through all the dewy-tasselled wood,

And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples — fan my brows, and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas,
On leagues of odor streaming far,
To where, in yonder orient star,
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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## UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE shadows lay along Broadway:
'Twas near the twilight-tide;
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight-tide —
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she; but, viewlessly,
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charm'd the air;
And all astir look'd kind on her
And call'd her good as fair —
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

N. P. Willis.

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## UNSEEN SPIRITS.

She kept with care her beauties rare
  From lovers warm and true;
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
  And the rich came not to woo.
But honored well are charms to sell,
  If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair,
  A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
  To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
  And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
  For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
  Her woman's heart gave way.
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
  By man is cursed alway!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

## MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
  That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
  Is scattered on the ground — to die;
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see.
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
  That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief:
  Restless — and soon to pass away;
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree.
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
  Have left on Tampa's desert strand:
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
  All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea.
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm:
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke — now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port;
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed;
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church-bells ring!
O say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns!
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

"O father, I see a gleaming light!
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word:
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed,
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows:
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank:
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white han' o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic luve!
But there's nae hand can loose my band,
But the finger o' Him abuve.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich, i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve!
Come here and kneel wi' me!

## WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie;
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holie psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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## WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;

## WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST.

There thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
  Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
  He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
  Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
  With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
  O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
  Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
  By his grave ever!
Blessing shall hallow it
  Never, O never!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## PASSING THY DOOR.

O! 'twas the world to me,
  Life too — and more!
Catching a glance of thee,
  Passing thy door.
Faint as an autumn leaf,
  Trembling to part:
So, in that moment brief,
  Trembled my heart.

Nothing I saw but thee,
  Nothing could find;
Vision had fled from me,
  Lingering behind.
How I had passed along,
  How found my way,
Sightless amidst the throng,
  Love could but say.

How I had moved my feet
  I never knew;
I had seen nothing, sweet,
  Since I'd seen you.
O! 'twas the world to me,
  Life too — and more!
Catching a glance of thee,
  Passing thy door.

CHARLES SWAIN.

## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIE upon Hielands,
  And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
  Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
  And gallant rade he;
Hame cam his gude horse,
  But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither,
  Greetin' fu' sair;
And out cam his bonnie bride,
  Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

"My meadow lies green,
  And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big,
  And my baby's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
  And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
  But never cam he!

ANONYMOUS.

## BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
*Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:*
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*
*Then, heigh ho! the holly!*
*This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
*Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:*
*Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.*
*Then, heigh ho! the holly!*
*This life is most jolly.*

SHAKSPEARE.

## THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,
  I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
  And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
  Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
  A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away that dream — away!
  Too long did it remain:
So long that both by night and day
  It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought:
  To a grave, so cold and deep,
The mother beautiful was brought;
  Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
  I bathe mine eyes and see;
And wander through the world once more,
  A youth so light and free.

## THE LORDS OF THULE.

Two locks — and they are wondrous fair!
  Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
  The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold
  Pale grows the evening red;
And when the dark lock I behold
  I wish that I were dead.

GUSTAV PFIZER. (German.)

Translation of HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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## THE LORDS OF THULE.

THE Lords of Thule it did not please
That Willegis their bishop was;
For he was a wagoner's son.
And they drew, to do him scorn,
Wheels of chalk upon the wall;
He found them in chamber, found them in hall.
But the pious Willegis
Could not be moved to bitterness:
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,
He bade his servants a painter call;
And said — "My friend, paint now for me,
On every wall, that I may see,
A wheel of white in a field of red;
Underneath, in letters plain to be read,

'Willegis, bishop now by name,
Forget not whence you came!'"

The Lords of Thule were full of shame:
They wiped away their words of blame;
For they saw that scorn and jeer
Cannot wound the wise man's ear.
And all the bishops that after him came
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.
Thus came to pious Willegis
Glory out of bitterness.

ANONYMOUS. (German.)

Anonymous Translation.

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## DANCE LIGHT!

"ARRAH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel:
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil:
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground;
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean:
Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,

## THE PHANTOM.

Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing.
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

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## THE PHANTOM.

AGAIN I sit within the mansion,
  In the old familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
  O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweetbrier's arms have wrestled upwards,
  In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
  Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
  From out the haunted room,

To fill the house, that once was joyful,
  With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces
  Within the doorway come:
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
  Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
  The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
  Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
  Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
  Come back to me once more;

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
  Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
  And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
  To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
  Her light step on the stair!

O, fluttering heart, control thy tumult,
  Lest eyes profane should see

## THE MORNING-GLORY.

My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
  Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo, a whisper
  Beyond the open door!
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
  A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
  The vine whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
  Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
  As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
  Yet never passes o'er.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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## THE MORNING-GLORY.

WE wreathed about our darling's head
  The morning-glory bright;
Her little face looked out beneath,
  So full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise,
  That we could only say
"She is the morning-glory true,
  And her poor types are they."

So always, from that happy time,
  We called her by their name;
And very fitting did it seem,
  For sure as morning came,
Behind her cradle bars she smiled
  To catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower
  And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear
  Their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
  Brimmed with sleep's tender dew;
And not so close their tendrils fine
  Round their supports are thrown,
As those dear arms whose outstretched plea
  Clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,
  Even as comes the flower:
The last and perfect added gift
  To crown Love's morning hour;
And how in her was imaged forth
  The love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round
  Shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God!
  That she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown,
  Like the morning-glory's cup;

## THE MORNING-GLORY.

We never thought to see her droop
  Her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes:
  Wilted, and cold, and dead!

The morning-glory's blossoming
  Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
  Upspringing from the ground;
The tender things the Winter killed
  Renew again their birth.
But the glory of our morning
  Has passed away from earth.

O Earth! in vain our aching eyes
  Stretch over thy green plain!
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,
  Her spirit to sustain!
But up in groves of Paradise
  Full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory beautiful
  Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

## A DIRGE.

"O DIG a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true-love may sleep!"
*We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,*
*Where thou and thy true-love shall sleep!*

"And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!"
*And it shall be five fathom low,*
*Where winter winds shall never blow!*

"And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!"
*And it shall be on yonder hill,*
*Where grows the mountain daffodil!*

"And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!"
*We'll plant it round with holy briers,*
*To fright away the fairy fires!*

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!"
*We'll set it round with celandine,*
*And nodding heads of columbine!*

## A DIRGE.

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true-love's breast!"
*The ruddock he shall build his nest*
*Just above thy true-love's breast!*

"And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!"
*And he shall warble his sweet song*
*O'er your dwelling all day long.*

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!"
*And we will now thy garments take,*
*And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!*

"And lay me by my true-love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!"
*We'll lay thee by thy true-love's side,*
*That thou may'st be a faithful bride!*

"When I am dead, and buried be,
Pray to God in heaven for me!"
*Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,*
*And pray to God in heaven for thee!*
*Benedicite!*

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE.

## OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
  Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
  But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
  And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
  And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
  The gates of the city we could not see:
Over the river, over the river,
  My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
  Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale:
  Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
  And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
  And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
  Where all the ransomed and angels be:
Over the river, the mystic river,
  My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

## OVER THE RIVER.

For none return from those quiet shores,
  Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
  And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts:
  They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
  That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
  May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
  They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
  Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
  And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
  I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
  To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
  And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
  The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy:
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy.
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night:
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent:
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While, for music, came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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## FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain:
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told:
That spot, the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story
At even tide,—
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Philip Pendleton Cooke.

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## FLORENCE VANE.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
    In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
    Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
    Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
    Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
    Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under:
    Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
    Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
    Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
    By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
    Where maidens sleep.
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
    Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
    Florence Vane!

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

## THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die — that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

## WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
  In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
  In infancy we played;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
  A cloud is on thy brow.
We have been friends together:
  Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together:
  We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
  Warm and joyous, in our breasts;
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
  And sullen glooms thy brow.
We have been gay together:
  Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
  We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
  The hopes of early years;
The voices which are silent there
  Would bid thee clear thy brow.
We have been sad together:
  O! what shall part us now?

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

## SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

SHE's gane to dwall in Heaven, my lassie!
  She's gane to dwall in Heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
  For dwallin' out o' Heaven!

O what'll she do in Heaven, my lassie?
  O what'll she do in Heaven?
She'll mix her ain thochts wi' angels' sangs,
  An' mak them mair meet for Heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie:
  She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
  An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie!
  Low there thou lies!
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
  Nor frae it will arise.

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie:
  Fu' soon I'll follow thee.
Thou left me naught to covet ahin',
  But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

## COME, BEAUTEOUS DAY

I looked on thy death-cauld face, my lassie;
  I looked on thy death-cauld face:
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
  An' fadin' in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie:
  I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow o' Heaven
  Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy an' calm, my lassie:
  Thy lips were ruddy an' calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven
  To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie:
  There's naught but dust now mine.
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
  An' why should I stay ahin'?

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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## COME, BEAUTEOUS DAY

COME, beauteous day!
Never did lover on his bridal night
So chide thine over-eager light
As I thy long delay!

## COME, BEAUTEOUS DAY.

Bring me my rest!
Never can these sweet thorny roses,
Whereon my heart reposes,
Be into slumber pressed.

Day be my night!
Night hath no stars to rival with her eyes;
Night hath no peace like his who lies
Upon her bosom white.

She did transmute
This my poor cell into a paradise,
Gorgeous with blossoming lips and dewy eyes,
And all her beauty's fruit.

Nor dull nor gray
Seems to mine eyes this dim and wintry morn:
Ne'er did the rosy banners of the dawn
Herald a brighter day.

Come, beauteous day!
Come! or in sunny light, or storm eclipse!
Bring me the immortal Summer of her lips;
Then have thy way!

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBUT.

## A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

## A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
*Love, rest, and home!*
*Sweet hope!*
*Lord, tarry not, but come!*

HORATIUS BONAR.

## ODE TO A DEAD BODY.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb!
Give up thy body, woman without heart!
Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food,
And from thine altitude
Fierce Death hath shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within a pit!
Night, endless Night, hath got thee,
To clutch, and to englut thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there — stuck there, in despite:
Like a foul animal in a trap at night!

Come in the public path! and see how all
Shall fly thee — as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black
Which mocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay,
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;
See if the tribe of wooers
Will now become pursuers;

And if, where they make way,
Thou'lt carry now the day.
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright:

Yes, till thou turn into the loathly hole,
As the least pain to thy boldfacedness.
There let thy foul distress
Turn round upon thy soul,
And cry: O wretch in a shroud,

That wast so headstrong proud!
This, this is the reward
For hearts that are so hard,
That flaunt so, and adorn
And pamper them, and scorn
To cast a thought down hither,
Where all things come to wither;
And where no resting is, and no repentance,
Even to the day of the last awful sentence!

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
That undulated once like sea on shore?
'Tis clay unto the core.
Where are those sparkling eyes,
That were like twins o' th' skies?
Alas! two caves are they,
Filled only with dismay.
Where is the lip that shone
Like painting newly done?
Where the round cheek? and where
The sunny locks of hair?
And where the symmetry that bore them all?
Gone — like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over:
The time will come when thou wilt not be fair,
Nor have that conquering air,
Nor be supplied with lover?
Lo now! behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame!
Is there one spot the same

In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms, and sore offence,
And horrible succulence?
Tell me: is there one jot, one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast vain in?

Love? — Heaven should be implored for something else:
For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
Love? — 'Tis a fiery dole,
A punishment like Hell's.
Yet thou, puffed with thy power,
Who wert but as the flower
That warns us in the Psalm,
Didst think thy veins ran balm
From an immortal fount;
Didst take on thee to mount
Upon an angel's wings:
When thou wert but as things
Clapped, on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
Under the worshipped nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say:
Go! weep at thy confessor's feet! and cry
"Help, father, or I die!
See, see! he knows his prey!
Even he, the dragon old!
O, be thou a stronghold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free;
But am so bound in ill,

## ODE TO A DEAD BODY.

That, struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last,
And I am losing fast
My breath and my poor soul; and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile, perhaps, thou thing besotted!
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word.
Hast thou, then, ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face
That wakes not as it was.
Thou shouldst have earned high Heaven;
And then thou mightst have given
Glad looks below, and seen
Thy buried bones, serene,
As odorous and as fair
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of Doom
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
The horrors of the centre:
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate,
To those who think they may repent them late.

Andrea del Basso. (Italian.)

Translation of Leigh Hunt.

## THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
  Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
  The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
  The mild, the fierce, the stony face:
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
  Where secret tears have left their trace!

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest:
  To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
  In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
  Where children, pressing cheek to cheek
With mute caresses, shall declare
  The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
  Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
  Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

## THE CROWDED STREET.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
  And dreams of greatness in thine eye,
Go'st thou to build an early name,
  Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
  Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now?
  Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
  The dance, till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
  Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
  The cold, dark hours — how slow the light;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
  Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
  They pass, and heed each other not;
There is who heeds, who holds them all,
  In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
  In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
  That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## A DEAD ROSE.

O ROSE! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But barren and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat:
Kept seven years in a drawer, thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane, to last all day,
If breathing now, unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower to burn,
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grew incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat,
If lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

## THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Though seeing now these changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold.
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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## THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
  And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
  While she thinks of all the past:
Of the days so full of gladness,
  When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
  That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy, happy moments!
  They but deepen her despair;

## THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

For she bends above the cradle,
  And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
  And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
  And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
  Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
  And of all that might have been.
For a little vacant garment,
  Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
  That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
  But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
  And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
  And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
  "Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
  On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
  And she sees her baby there!

ROBERT SMYTH CHILTON.

## YE MEANER BEAUTIES.

Ye meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your numbers than your light:
  Ye common people of the skies!
  What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the Spring were all your own!
  What are you when the rose is blown?

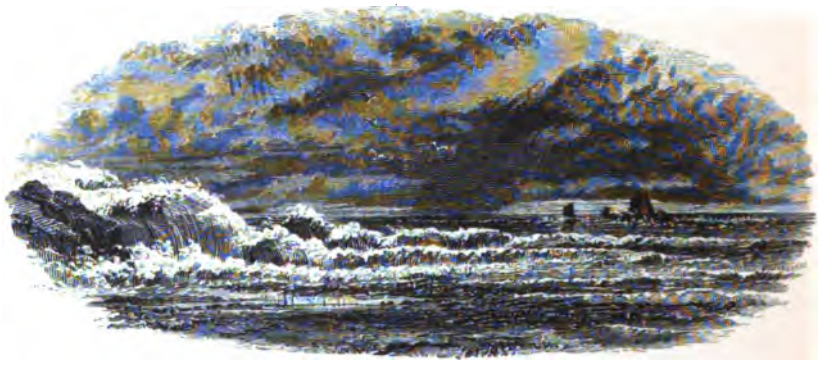
Ye curious chanters of the wood,
  That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents! — what's your praise
  When Philomel her voice shall raise?

So when my mistress shall be seen
  In sweetness of her looks and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen:
  Tell me, if she was not designed
  Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton.

## WIND AND RAIN.

RATTLE the window, Winds!
  Rain, drip on the panes!
There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes,
  And a weary weight on our brains.



The gray sea heaves and heaves,
  On the dreary flats of sand;
And the blasted limb of the churchyard yew,
  It shakes like a ghostly hand!

The dead are engulfed beneath it,
  Sunk in the grassy waves;
But we have more dead in our hearts to-day
  Than the Earth in all her graves!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone:
A woman — of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
  The idol of past years.

## ABSENCE.

On her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
  So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
  Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone:
A woman — of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there stood
  Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
  And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

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## ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
  That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
  Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
  Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
  Cheat myself to forget the present day?

## ABSENCE.

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
  Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
  Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O! how, or by what means, may I contrive
  To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
  Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake I will lay hold
  Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
  While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts, to try
  All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
  Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
  A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
  More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
  A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine!
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
  And thy dear thought an influence divine!

FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

## A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill!
  A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal — a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
  In russet gown, and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
                In his own ground;
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in Summer yield him shade,
                In Winter fire.
Blest who can unconcern'dly find
  Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind;
                Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
  Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
                With meditation.
Thus let me live — unseen, unknown:
  Thus unlamented let me die!
Steal from the world, and not a stone
                Tell where I lie!

ALEXANDER POPE.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers:
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine;
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wounds on their gallant breasts the last of many scars;
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would — but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister: in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning:
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen,

My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse — his grasp was childish weak:
His eyes put on a dying look — he sighed, and ceased to speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled:
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

## THE SEA.

THROUGH the night, through the night,
  In the saddest unrest,
Wrapt in white, all in white,
  With her babe on her breast,
Walks the mother so pale,
Staring out on the gale
  Through the night!

## HOME, SWEET HOME!

Through the night, through the night,
  Where the sea lifts the wreck,
Land in sight, close in sight!
  On the surf-flooded deck
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave
  Through the night!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

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## HOME, SWEET HOME!

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
*Home, home! Sweet home!*
*There's no place like home!*

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call:
Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
*Home, home! Sweet home!*
*There's no place like home!*

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home!
There's no place like Home!

An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain!—
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!—
—The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them!—and the peace of mind dearer than all!

John Howard Payne.

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## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand:
  Thine axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke:
  Cut not its earth-bound ties.
O, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
  My father pressed my hand.
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave;
  And, woodman, leave the spot:
While I've a hand to save,
  Thine axe shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME all ye jolly shepherds,
  That whistle through the glen!
I'll tell ye o' a secret
  That courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss
  That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame.

*When the kye come hame,*
*When the kye come hame:*
*'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,*
*When the kye come hame.*

'Tis not beneath the burgonet,
  Nor yet beneath the crown;
'Tis not on couch o' velvet,
  Nor yet in bed o' down:

## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
  In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,
  For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the tapmost bough
  O, a happy bird is he!
There he pours his melting ditty,
  And love is a' the theme;
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
  And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
  Has fauldit up his ee,
Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,
  Draps down and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,
  That lingers on the hill:
His yowes are in the fauld,
  And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
  For his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie
  When the kye come hame.

## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

When the little wee bit heart
  Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
  Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear
  That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins
  In this love without alloy,
O! wha wad prove a traitor
  To Nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
  Wi' its perils an' its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie,
  When the kye come hame,
    *When the kye come hame:*
    *When the kye come hame:*
    *'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,*
    *When the kye come hame.*

JAMES HOGG.

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king,
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown-jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounted a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst:
But ride as they would, the king rode first;
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;

## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

His little fair page now follows alone,
  For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child:
Wan was the face that answering smiled.
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din:
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
  Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
    (Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
  Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For, dead in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
  Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed with a drooping crest
    Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
  And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth, which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O, steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain,
  To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CAROLINE ELIZABETH NORTON.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic:
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

ANONYMOUS.

## I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away,
  My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
  I have no cause to mourn nor weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
  My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh:
                "I'm growing old."

My growing talk of olden times,
  My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
  My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
  My growing fear of taking cold:
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
                I'm growing old.

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
  I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
  I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
  I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes,
                I'm growing old.

## I'M GROWING OLD.

I see it in my changing taste,
  I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
  I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
  As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
                I'm growing old.

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
  The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the Hours bequeathe
  But makes me debtor to the Years.
E'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
  The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me, in "How young you are,"
                I'm growing old.

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
  My sombre muse too sadly sings!
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
  That tint the darkness of their wings:
The light that beams from out the sky,
  Those Heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
                "I'm growing old!"

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## DINNA ASK ME.

O! DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye:
  Troth, I daurna tell!
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
  Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,
  For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
  I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
  And bonnier lassies see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
  Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
  That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure my heart wad break,
  Gin ye'd prove fause to me!

—— DUNLOP.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern;
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

## SONG OF THE BROOK.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges:
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow,
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
  I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling,

## SONG OF THE BROOK.

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
  Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
  I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
  To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host, and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them.
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.

## THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

He fled to his hall pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen:
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
(And much their land bemoaned them),
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, king of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
His overthrow our chorus.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

## MOTHER MARGERY.

On a bleak ridge, from whose granite edges
  Sloped the rough land to the grisly north,
And whose hemlocks, clinging to the ledges,
  Like a thin banditti staggered forth:
In a crouching, wormy-timbered hamlet
  Mother Margery shivered in the cold,
With a tattered robe of faded camlet
  On her shoulders — crooked, weak, and old!

Time on her had done his cruel pleasure;
  For her face was very dry and thin,
And the records of his growing measure
  Lined and cross-lined all her shrivelled skin.
Scanty goods to her had been allotted,
  Yet her thanks rose oftener than desire;
While her bony fingers, bent and knotted,
  Fed with withered twigs the dying fire.

Raw and weary were the northern winters;
  Winds howled piteously around her cot,
Or with rude sighs made the jarring splinters
  Moan the misery she bemoaned not.
Drifting tempests rattled at her windows,
  And hung snow-wreaths round her naked bed.
While the wind-flaws muttered on the cinders,
  Till the last spark fluttered and was dead.

## MOTHER MARGERY.

Life had fresher hopes when she was younger,
  But their dying wrung out no complaints;
Chill, and penury, and neglect, and hunger,
  These to Margery were guardian saints.
When she sat, her head was, prayer-like, bending;
  When she rose, it rose not any more.
Faster seemed her true heart graveward tending
  Than her tired feet, weak and travel-sore.

She was mother of the dead and scattered,
  Had been mother of the brave and fair;
But her branches, bough by bough, were shattered,
  Till her torn breast was left dry and bare.
Yet she knew, though sadly desolated,
  When the children of the poor depart
Their earth-vestures are but sublimated,
  So to gather closer in the heart.

With a courage that had never fitted
  Words to speak it to the soul it blessed,
She endured, in silence and unpitied,
  Woes enough to mar a stouter breast:
Thus was born such holy trust within her
  That the graves of all who had been dear,
To a region clearer and serener,
  Raised her spirit from our chilly sphere.

They were footsteps on her Jacob's ladder;
  Angels to her were the loves and hopes
Which had left her purified, but sadder;
  And they lured her to the emerald slopes

## MOTHER MARGERY.

Of that Heaven where anguish never flashes
  Her red fire-whips — happy land, where flowers
Blossom over the volcanic ashes
  Of this blighting, blighted world of ours!

All her power was a love of goodness;
  All her wisdom was a mystic faith
That the rough world's jargoning and rudeness
  Turn to music at the gate of Death.
So she walked, while feeble limbs allowed her,
  Knowing well that any stubborn grief
She might meet with could no more than crowd her
  To that wall whose opening was relief.

So she lived, an anchoress of sorrow,
  Lone and peaceful, on the rocky slope;
And, when burning trials came, would borrow
  New fire of them for the lamp of hope.
When at last her palsied hand, in groping,
  Rattled tremulous at the grated tomb,
Heaven flashed round her joys beyond her hoping,
  And her young soul gladdened into bloom.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

## THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
  She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
  "She must weep, or she will die!"

Then they praised him, soft and low;
  Called him worthy to be loved:
Truest friend and noblest foe!
  Yet she neither spake nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee.
Like summer tempest came her tears:
  "Sweet my child, I live for thee!"

Alfred Tennyson.

## LOUIS XV.

The king, with all the kingly train, had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood, the royal beasts of chase to find.
That day, by chance, the monarch mused; and turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path that far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit, as if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees, that know no king but him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not — but he looked about, like one who still in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell, and glad of human sound was he;
For, truth to say, he found himself but melancholy companie.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed before him now most plainly came:
The man upon his weary back a coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king; "and what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a laborer in the wood, and 'tis a coffin for Pierre.

Close by the royal hunting-lodge you may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again, and I for him must dig the soil."

The laborer ne'er had seen the king, and this he thought was but a man;
Who made at first a moment's pause, and then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now — he had a dark and glancing eye;
And I have seen his sturdy arm with wondrous stroke the pickaxe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"O! nothing more than usual, sir: he died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man, who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay *gabelle* and tax, and feed his children — so he died."

The man stopped short; and then went on — "It is, you know, a common story:
Our children's food is eaten up by courtiers, mistresses, and glory."
The king looked hard upon the man, and afterwards the coffin eyed;
Then spurred to ask, of Pompadour, how came it that the peasants died.

JOHN STERLING.

## THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw;
It would tak me a lang simmer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the mornin' till night shuts his ee,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me;
For in his quite turns siccan questions he'll speir!
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He's a perfec' divirt — he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the vera first snaw-shooer that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea?
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his wha and his when;
And he looks aye sae wistfu' the whiles I explain:
He's as auld as the hills — he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha hae skill o' the lumps on the head
Hint there's mae ways than toilin' o' winnin' ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and hae men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a baillie's, shug-shuggin' afore him;
Wi' a face like the moon — sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.

## THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

'Tweel! I'm unco ta'en up wi't — they mak a' sae plain.
He's just a town's talk; he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees
The tap-loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease;
Then he marched through the house, he marched but, he marched
ben,
Like owre mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leuch clean outright, for I cou'dna contain:
He was sic a conceit — sic an ancient-like wean!

But 'mid a' his daffin sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinny-beam aye in his ee
Maks him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though Fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And gloom through her fingers like hills through a shooer,
When bodies hae gat a bit bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts! — he's a wonderfu' wean!

WILLIAM MILLER.

## THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURGH.

When the breach was open laid,
Bold we mounted to the attack:
Five times the assault was made;
Four times were we driven back!
But the fifth time up we strode,
O'er the dying and the dead.
Red the western sunbeams glowed,
Sinking in a blaze of red;
Redder in the gory way
Our deep plashing footsteps sank,
As the cry of "Slay — Slay — Slay!"
Echoed fierce from rank to rank.
And we slew, and slew, and slew:
Slew them with unpitying sword.
Negligently could we do
The commanding of the Lord?
Fled the coward, fought the brave,
Wept the widow, wailed the child;
But there did not 'scape the glaive
Man that frowned, nor babe that smiled.
There were thrice ten thousand men
When that morning's sun arose;
Lived not thrice three hundred when
Sunk that sun at evening's close.

## THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURGH.

Then we spread the wasting flame,
Fed to fury by the wind:
Of the city — but the name,
Nothing else, remained behind.
But it burned not till it gave
All it had to yield of spoil:
Should not brave soldadoes have
Some rewarding for their toil?
What the villain sons of trade
Earned by years of toil and care,
Prostrate at our bidding laid,
In one moment won — was there.
Hall and palace, dome and tower,
Lowly cot and soaring spire,
Sank in that victorious hour
Which consigned the town to fire.
Then throughout the burning town,
'Mid the steaming heaps of dead,
Cheered by sound of hostile moan,
We the gorgeous banquet spread:
Laughing loud and quaffing long,
At our glorious labor o'er,
To the skies our jocund song
Told Magdèburgh was no more!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

## THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

O, SING unto my roundelay!
  O, drop the briny tear with me!
Dance no more at holiday:
  Like a running river be!
        *My love is dead,*
        *Gone to his death-bed,*
        *All under the willow tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,
  White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light;
  Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
  Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout.
  O! he lies by the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
  In the briered dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
  To the nightmares as they go.

## THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

See! the white moon shines on high!
  Whiter is my true-love's shroud:
Whiter than the morning sky,
  Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
  Shall the gairish flowers be laid;
Nor one holy saint to save
  All the sorrows of a maid.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
  Round his holy corse to gre;
Elf and fairy, light your fires!
  Here my body still shall be.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn!
  Drain my heart's blood all away!
Life and all its good I scorn:
  Dance by night, or feast by day!
    *My love is dead,*
    *Gone to his death-bed,*
    *All under the willow tree.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
  Bear me to your deadly tide!
I die! — I come! My true-love waits!
  Thus the damsel spake — and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

## I GIVE MY SOLDIER-BOY A BLADE.

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
  In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
  Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not; but I hope to know
  That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
  I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood
  In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
  Be thou whene'er it sees the sun:
For country's claim, at Honor's call,
  For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At Mercy's voice to bid it fall,
  I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
  The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
  Are gone, with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains:
  So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember, by these heart-felt strains,
  I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill.
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we.
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.

## THE MAHOGANY TREE.

Life is but short;
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup:
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

## THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite!
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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## THE GRACE OF SIMPLICITY.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powdered, still perfumed!
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

## JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,
  Contending still with men untaught and wild,
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd
  Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given;
  A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its clear eyes soothed me as the blue of heaven,
  When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
  How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss:
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet!
  O, in the desert, what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart:
  A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
  And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying;
  (The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night!)
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
  Took gently home the child of my delight.

## JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

Not rudely culled, not suddenly it perished,
  But gradual faded from our love away:
As if, still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
  Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
  So tenderly He sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
  Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily to my board at noon and even
  Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
  Gazing the while on death, without its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid
  So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made:
  Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves, my wife had nourished;
  And I too loved, erewhile, at times to stand
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
  And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that, to his cradle flying,
  Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
  Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

## JAMES MELVILLE'S CHILD.

'Twas a fair sight: the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild,
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping:
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened seemed the doves too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when, at last, the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
  As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,
  Most pitifully plained — and parted too.

'Twas my first hansel and propine to Heaven;
  And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts — once an infant given,
  And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. STUART MENTEATH.

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## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
  To live one day of parting love?

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace:
  Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wildwoods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
  And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered:
  The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
  By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
  And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
  Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
  To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
  In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
  And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the winecup, and fondly I swore
  From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
  And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

## IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

Stay, stay with us! — rest; thou art weary and worn!
  And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
  And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

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## IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

IT is not beauty I demand:
  A crystal brow, the moon's despair;
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand;
  Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair.

Tell me not of your starry eyes;
  Your lips, that seem on roses fed;
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,
  Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed;

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks,
  Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours;
A breath that softer music speaks
  Than summer winds a-wooing flowers.

These are but gauds; nay, what are lips?
  Corals beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
  Full oft he perisheth on them.

## IT IS NOT BEAUTY I DEMAND.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft,
  That wave hot youth to fields of blood?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
  Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn,
  Poison can breathe, that erst perfumed;
There's many a white hand holds an urn,
  With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows, there's naught within:
  They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Siren's hair would win
  Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of beauty's bust,
  A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
  Yet never linked with error find;

One in whose gentle bosom I
  Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burdened honey-fly,
  That hides his murmurs in the rose;

My earthly comforter! whose love
  So indefeasible might be,
That when my spirit won above,
  Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

THOMAS CAREW.

## WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, ye rogue! — glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

## THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
  Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
  Checkmated by each other's eyes?
  Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.
  Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.
  Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
  And falter; falls your golden hair
  Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
  And checks me unaware.
  Ah me! the little battle's done:
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with Fortune played:

## THE ROYAL GUEST.

What is it we have won?
This, this at least — if this alone:
That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together!

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

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## THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men;
With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.
With others I may guide the car of talk;
Thou wing'st it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

## THINK ON ME.

O friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with thine;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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## THINK ON ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
  Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;
Go, listen to our own beloved river,
  And think on me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
  Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
  And think on me.

## THE LAST POET.

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
  And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,
                And think on me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
  And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star, beneath her beaming,
                And think on me.

JOHN HAMILTON.

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## THE LAST POET.

"WHEN will your bards be weary
  Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
  The old, eternal song?

"Is it not long since empty,
  The horn of full supply?
And all the posies gathered,
  And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
  Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
  Gives answering glances back;

## THE LAST POET.

As long as skies shall nourish
  The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
  One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
  Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
  And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
  Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
  Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
  Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
  To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
  And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
  And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
  The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
  Or one poor heart can break:

## THE LAST POET.

So long on earth shall wander
  The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
  Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
  The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;
  He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
  Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
  And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
  Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
  Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask — if of the question
  Not weary yet — "How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
  The old, eternal song?"

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG. (German.)

Translation of REV. NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

THE END.



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